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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1911.

The Week

The House Democrats have once more shown exemplary good sense in agreeing to the Senate's amendments to the publicity bill, and without even holding a conference. So drastic were these amendments that many Senators hoped that the House would decline to accept them. Particularly was this the case with the Southerners who opposed the restrictions affecting primary contests. But the gains for the party by accepting this legislation were so great that these and all other adverse considerations were waived. As a result, a far-reaching enactment to prevent corruption at elections goes on the statute-books. It is not, of course, as thoroughgoing as the English corrupt practices act, but it is a far greater advance than any one had dared hope for a couple of years ago. More than that, it ought to end promptly such scandals as the outright purchase of seats in the Senate and reduce in the future the membership of merely rich men. Surely, if the Democracy continues to display political acumen of this kind, the cartoonists will have to revise their ideas and credit the donkey not with stupidity, but with the wisdom of the owl at least.

If the standpatters have any spirit left in them, they will remind the President, more, let us hope, in sorrow than in anger, that they gave him ample warning at the very outset of all this reciprocity nonsense. It is easy to push Humpty Dumpty off the wall, but who is going to put him back again? Certainly not Representative Burleson of Texas, who has introduced a resolution calling upon the Executive to begin negotiations with Mexico "looking to freer commerce between the two countries." "Freer commerce," of course, is only another name for reciprocity, which itself is but a variant of free trade. The tragedy of the situation, as the standpatters will feel bound to point out to Mr. Taft, is that he has furnished the ammunition for any one who wishes to do what Mr. Burleson has done. If reciprocity with Canada is good, why not with Mexico? It is not easy to see what the President can say in reply. He has punched one hole in the sacred wall: others will be irreverent, too. There is one element in the Mexican proposal that will make it easier to advocate than the Canadian agreement: even Champ Clark will hardly suggest annexation of our southern neighbor. Altogether, it is almost enough to make an old-fashioned statesman despair of the republic.

The minority report made by four members of the Senate Census Committee, including its chairman, Mr. La Follette, assigns valid reasons for opposing the enlargement of the membership of the House proposed in the pending reapportionment bill. The general impression is that the bill will be passed by the Senate; largely, of course, in deference to the sentiment that the question is one upon which the House should be permitted to have its own way. In point of fact, however, the question is a perfectly legitimate subject for decision by the Senate purely on its merits, since the nation as a whole, and not merely the House of Representatives, is concerned in whatever affects the efficacy of that body.

Senator Bailey is more successful in resigning from the Committee on Privileges and Elections than he was in resigning from the Senate a few weeks ago. Perhaps he is more in earnest this time. At all events, he has the country with him, as he would apparently have had it if he had insisted upon the acceptance of his former withdrawal. We have too few instances of such political immolation. In Japan the *samurai* have long practised *hara-kiri* as the last emphatic protest against action which they cannot approve, but in this country the ill-fated example of Conkling and Platt has had few imitators. The risk is too great. The Texas statesman, therefore, while not hearing the testimony in the Stephenson case, will be on hand with his technicalities and his tears when the report of the investigating committee comes before the Senate. It is regrettable that his statement of the reasons which impelled him to resign from that committee shows an important omission. His quarrel is with the free and easy way of receiving evidence which Senate investigating committees have adopted. But the Senator is the champion of a technicality which even the severest law courts do not yet recognize, and that is the minimum amount of bribery necessary to imperil a Senator's seat. Doubtless he will further illuminate the doctrine when the report in the Stephenson case is made.

Representative Sherwood of Ohio, a Democratic Congressman, has recognized the approach of the Presidential election by a speech favoring the payment of a dollar a day to civil war veterans. He is careful to say, however, that he wishes these payments restricted to those who have really earned them. That would rule out a good many thousands of "dead-beats," men who never served at all, camp-followers, impersonators, etc. Mr. Sherwood himself is especially opposed to the pensioning of "spring pullets," who are, it seems, the young women who marry decrepit old soldiers in order to draw pensions as widows. This is one of the abuses which ought to be ended at once, as it could be by a simple enactment refusing a pension to widows whose marriage certificates did not antedate a given time. So tempting an administrative opportunity do the pension rolls offer to an Executive to make a great showing and save millions of dollars that we cannot see how Mr. Taft can resist undertaking this task. He need not even fear that it would affect the old-soldier vote, for the honest veterans could not but applaud his efforts. But Mr. Taft is so good natured that the stream of private pension bills flows on quite undisturbed by the wholesale executive vetoes that ought to be announced day by day during the sessions of Congress. Here are millions to be saved, and a scandal to be ended.

Bryan among the Democrats and La Follette among the Republicans fared equally ill in the Nebraska State conventions last week. Another thing about the Nebraska Democratic doings, which is almost as much of a novelty as the absence of Bryanism, is the presence of a point-with-pride declaration

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that has something substantial to point to. "We view with pride," say the resolutions, "the splendid qualities of faithful leadership displayed not only by the Democratic leaders in Congress, but by patriotic and courageous Democratic Governors as well." There can be no doubt of the tonic effect that has been produced by the strong handling of difficult questions by the Democratic leaders at Washington, nor of the impression that has been made on the country by the personal force and ability of several Democratic Governors. In treating tariff reduction as the leading issue between the parties, the Nebraskans are doing what will pretty certainly be done by the party throughout the country.

Unqualified endorsement of the Taft Administration was the dominant note in the declaration of the Nebraska Republicans. Pride in the past found expression also, assuming the comprehensive form of a tribute to "the illustrious names of Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, McKinley, Roosevelt, and Taft," leaving only poor Hayes and Harrison out in the cold; but glowing laudation of the past and unstinted approval of the present are not matched by any aggressive declaration concerning the future. The idea suggests itself that a political phenomenon may be here indicated somewhat akin to the law of the conservation of energy in the domain of physics. So long as the Democrats were a feeble and struggling folk, unprepared to lay a vigorous hold on the machinery of government, the Republicans laid down the law with the voice of authority and conscious power; they were the custodians of prosperity, the guardians of the nation, the repository of legislative wisdom, while the Democrats were manifestly nothing better than impotent pretenders, whose only capacity was their knack for mischievous meddling with affairs that they did not understand. But now that the Democrats have been successful in effecting a thoroughgoing reorganization of the House of Representatives, in presenting a clear-cut and practical policy on the tariff, and in steering President Taft's own chief measure through the shoals and narrows of two Congresses, there is a sudden lowering of the Republican note by an octave or two. The deep-toned references to the past are made to serve in place of the shrill notes of defiance and self-confidence which were so easily and naturally sounded in other days.

Now that the Standard Oil Company has announced its plan for complying with the recent decision of the Supreme Court, the point is raised as to what practical end will be attained by a dissolution of the New Jersey holding company. Control of that company has been exercised by a few capitalists through actual ownership of more than 51 per cent. of its stock; obviously, when the $100,000,000 stock of the parent company is exchanged for shares of the thirty-five subsidiary corporations, a majority of the shares of the subsidiary corporations will go to those now in control of the parent company; therefore, control of the business as a whole will remain unchanged. As the primary object of the Government's suit against the Standard Oil Company was to break up a combination which existed to suppress competition, what, it will be asked, has been accomplished?

Exactly the same question was raised in 1904, when the Supreme Court ordered the Northern Securities Company to divest itself of its Great Northern and Northern Pacific Railway shares. The object of that holding company, it was frankly admitted on the witness stand, was to form a corporation with capital stock so large that existing managements could not be unseated. And at the time the Government began its suit against the Northern Securities Company, plans were under way for the formation of a Gould holding company, a Vanderbilt holding company; eventually all of the railways of the country would have been merged into four or five holding companies. With the Supreme Court decision in the Northern Securities case, all talk of such plans abruptly ended. Through ownership of a majority of the stock of the Northern Securities Company, the same interests, as individuals, subsequently acquired control of the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific, and the like will happen in the present instance; but in the natural order of events such control will sooner or later terminate through the winding up of estates, and eventually, without having disturbed property rights, the primary object of the Supreme Court decision will have been carried out. In the meantime, it is worth recalling that all talk of billion-dollar industrial holding companies, such as the recently proposed copper combination of consolidated companies, has ceased. As for agreements and pools between the thirty-five separate oil companies, such proceedings would encounter the same difficulties at the hands of the courts as now confront the members of the Steel Wire pool.

Maryland is at it again. When, at this time of the year, in glancing at a Baltimore newspaper, our eye falls on a proclamation by the Governor of that good old State, we expect, as a matter of course, to find a disfranchising Constitutional amendment; and we are not disappointed. Just what, if anything, the present Legislature had done in that line, we had forgotten; but here it is in black and white—black and white, indeed, in more senses than one. Having made several attempts to circumvent the Constitution of the United States by various forms of the "grandfather's clause," the wise men at Annapolis this time took the bull by the horns. In the sapient scheme now to be put before the voters of Maryland, the right to be registered as a qualified voter is "limited to the following persons":

> First: Every male white citizen not disqualified by the Second or Third Section of this Article possessing the qualifications as to age and residence mentioned in Section 1 of this Article.
>
> Second: Every other male citizen not disqualified . . . who at the time of his application for registration is the bona fide owner of real or personal property, or both, in an amount of not less than five hundred dollars, is assessed therefor. . . .

By what miracle the framers of this measure expect it to escape annulment by the United States courts, we are at a loss to imagine; but they were undoubtedly driven into making so plain that race discrimination which is forbidden by the Fifteenth Amendment because of the fact that so many white voters had shown on previous occasions a strong suspicion that any other basis of disfranchisement might be used against them by the rascally Democratic ringsters.

If Gov. Marshall of Indiana is correctly reported, his sense of the fitness of things is acute. The laying of the cornerstone of a new court house has provided him with an occasion for ex-

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pressing a sentiment toward the judiciary that is happily rare even among Presidential candidates. Of what he had to say of the double usurpation of the courts of his own State, those who heard him are best fitted to judge. Others will want particulars before making up their minds as to the refusal of judicial bodies in Indiana to obey the law providing that licenses shall be granted for the sale of intoxicants, and as to their assumption of authority to write commands for the Legislature. But it is difficult to conceive of qualifying expressions which can have lightened the sinister suggestion of such a demand as "The rule of reason is a fine thing, but whose reason is it?" The crowd, we are informed, "look upon the decisions of the courts sometimes as humorous, sometimes as corrupt." Did the Governor mean that people in general divide judicial decisions into these two classes, and did he think that the bulk of them are rightly to be so classified?

The report of the National Fine Arts Commission on the proposed Lincoln memorial at Washington reveals painstaking and intelligent study of the various problems involved. To plan an impressive monument in a city that already holds the Capitol and the Washington obelisk can have been no simple task, but the commission seems to have discharged it admirably. The recommendation regarding a site is the same as that of John Hay ten years ago. It is important, says the report, to give to a memorial of such significance complete and undisputed domination over a large area, together with a certain dignified isolation from competing structures, or even from minor features unrelated to it. "Upon no other possible site in the city of Washington can this end be secured so completely as upon the Potomac Park site," on the main axis of the Capitol and the Washington Monument. Without being so high as to bring the memorial into competition with the obelisk, this site is visible from great distances, with no danger of obstruction by buildings which are or may be erected upon private property. The same artistic appreciation marks the recommendation regarding the type of memorial. It should not include a dome, and should not be of great height, but rather characterized by strong horizontal lines. While President Taft and the Memorial Commission, of which he is chairman, will inspect all the sites that have been suggested for the monument before coming to a decision, it is expected that the result of their investigation will be the approval of the Potomac Park area.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's announcement of the agreement at the recent Imperial Conference in London for coöperation among the Imperial, Canadian, Australian, and New Zealand Governments with respect to the operations of navies, strikes a heavy blow at the main contention of the Chamberlain party. Englishmen have been assured for years that nothing but preferential tariffs could save the Empire from speedy dissolution, yet now the colonies find a rallying-point in the old idea of common defence. It is of interest to see the recognition accorded to the over-seas dominions in so vital and delicate a matter as the ranking of the officers in the combined navies. In cases where the colonial officers have a greater length of service than the British officers, they are to have the superiority. In foreign waters, or in time of war when the naval force of the colonies has been put at the disposal of the imperial authorities, it will form an integral part of the British fleet and be under the control of the Admiralty.

The general election campaign is already under way in Canada, and the Conservatives are plainly preparing to make their fight on the annexation issue. Possibly annexation is the best weapon the Opposition can lay hands on at present, but it is a terribly double-edged tool. To lay stress on reciprocity as the harbinger of annexation, is to befool the other argument which has been brought into play against a commercial arrangement with the United States, namely, the injury wrought to Canada's economic interests. The dilemma is this: If reciprocity brings on annexation it can only be because reciprocity will confer such decided advantages on the Canadian people as to make them anxious for a closer union still. The Conservatives, if they choose, may call reciprocity a form of experimental marriage, but they cannot argue that the experimental marriage will prove a failure, as far as Canada is concerned, and so will lead on to a state of permanent wedlock. From this dilemma the Conservative party will probably escape by dropping the economic argument and expatiating on patriotism. But even then the real danger of the annexation argument remains. At best it means calling upon the Canadian people to give up two birds in the hand for a bird in the bush.

The situation in England in August, 1911, recalls the situation in May, 1832, when the Reform bill had been repeatedly passed in the Commons and thrown out by the Lords, and the Duke of Wellington had failed to frame a Ministry and Earl Grey had been recalled by the reluctant monarch. On May 17, Earl Grey and Lord Brougham were received by William IV, who at once consented to the creation of as many peers as the Ministry might think necessary to carry the bill through the House of Lords. "Sire," said Lord Brougham, "I have one further request to make." "What," replied the King, "have I not yet conceded enough?" "I do not wish to ask any fresh concession of your Majesty," replied the Chancellor, "but simply to request you to put in writing the promise you have made us." William IV wrote:

> The King grants permission to Earl Grey and to his chancellor, Lord Brougham, to create such a number of peers as will be sufficient to insure the passing of the Reform bill—first calling peers' eldest sons.
>
> WILLIAM R.
>
> Windsor, May 17, 1832.

William Nassau Molesworth, from whose "History of England" we have drawn the preceding account, traces the steps to the final settlement. The same evening the King's private secretary addressed the following circular note to the most active of the Opposition lords:

> I am honored with his Majesty's commands to acquaint your lordship that all difficulties to the arrangements in progress will be obviated by a declaration in the House of Peers to-night, from a sufficient number of peers, that in consequence of the present state of affairs they have come to the resolution of dropping their opposition to the Reform bill, so that it may pass without delay and as nearly as possible in its present shape.

There were, in spite of the royal command, a number of peers who were determined to die in the last ditch. They died, accordingly, on June 4, when the Reform bill was read in the Lords a third time and passed by 106 votes to 22.

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TAFT AND ALASKA.

The President's special message in reply to the Senate's resolution of inquiry concerning Controller Bay is a vigorous, straightforward, and comprehensive statement of the facts. As an answer to charges in any way reflecting on his own uprightness it is absolutely conclusive. As a reply to accusations that there has been wrongdoing in connection with the affair on the part of any government officer, it seems equally convincing; though it is but fair to remember that, so long as the House committee of inquiry has not finished its investigation, something may still be forthcoming to put a different aspect on the case. The conduct of that committee, however, in suspending its sittings until October, without proceeding with the testimony of witnesses on phases of the matter which have been brought prominently before the public, is difficult to understand. It is possible that Mr. Stanley and his committee have good reason to believe that in the interval access may be had to information essential to the matters in dispute, and at present inaccessible; but on the face of it, the delay in putting Miss Abbott on the stand, so as to give an opportunity for the sifting of her special story of outrageous scandal, seems utterly inexcusable.

So far as regards the "Dick to Dick" letter, much less than what the President says would have sufficed to dispose of that, in the mind of any sensible person; but Mr. Taft has done wisely to be so complete in his statements on this head as to reduce persons who do not answer this description to a condition of harmlessness. That the alleged postscript was a forgery was highly probable from the beginning; and if it was not a forgery, the hypothesis that it was a lie still remained—the conduct it imputed to the President was simply unbelievable. And Mr. Taft treats with equal fulness the charge that a favor had been secretly granted to parties seeking to obtain monopolistic control of a harbor essential to the exploitation of Alaskan resources. He replies to the accusation that the Government's action in the matter was secret. He states that he was personally responsible for the initiation of it; that for reasons which seemed to him eminently convincing in view of the public interest, he threw open 12,800 acres of land at Controller Bay, instead of simply granting 320 acres for the desired terminal; that monopolistic control is, in his judgment, amply provided against by legal safeguards which have in no way been transgressed. In a word, as Mr. Taft leaves the case, it looks as though nothing were left of it for scandal.

But it is not only as a matter of scandal that these Alaskan questions are of public interest. A great question of national policy has all along been interwoven with the mesh of charges and counter-charges about which there has been so much noise. Mr. Pinchot and his associates may have been wild or extravagant in some of their accusations, but it does not in the least follow that the policy for which they have been fighting is a mistaken one. The story of Ballinger and the Cunningham claims is instructive and significant. Throughout the long controversy, it was the constant endeavor of the anti-conservation organs to produce the impression that the only question at issue was whether Ballinger was or was not corrupt. The real question, so far as the great public interests were concerned, was whether Ballinger was a fit custodian of the nation's rights. The country undoubtedly came to the conclusion that he was not; and because of that verdict—the result of the unwearied fight carried on by Pinchot, Glavis, Brandeis, and the rest—the Cunningham claims were ultimately rejected. The same Dennett who, in writing to Ballinger, had spoken of the objections to the claims as foolish technicalities, found, in his report to the present Secretary of the Interior, that the claims were in flagrant violation of the law and could not be allowed.

This matter of Controller Bay ought to bring to a consummation the efforts of years to place the management of the natural resources of Alaska upon a basis of consistent and far-seeing public policy. It ought not to be a matter of maintaining or waiving the limitations of an antiquated law that has no relation to present-day conditions; it ought not to be a matter of the wisdom or unwisdom of a President, who acts from day to day, like some Oriental potentate, the part of a dispenser of abundance or scarcity. Least of all should it be a game in which against the necessarily spasmodic vigilance of the President or the public there is pitted the unremitting effort of great moneyed interests, ever alert to seize opportunities for gaining possession of vast natural resources. The weakest point in Mr. Taft's message is where he speaks of having taken the action he did with the approval of the Secretary of Agriculture and the Secretary of the Interior; this sounds very fine until you remember that these are but other names for poor old Wilson and—Ballinger. The one thing certain in the case is that two years have passed since Mr. Taft entered the White House, and that nothing has been done to place the exploitation of Alaska's resources upon a basis at once adapted to the practical requirements of the present and just to the nation's rights for the future. Let us hope that Secretary Fisher's journey of inquiry will mark the inauguration of such a policy.

THE NEW AUSTRIAN REICHSRATH.

There was something pathetic in the exhortation of Francis Joseph to the Reichsrath, to abstain from factional strife. The monarch is in his eighty-first year, and he may feel that the new Parliament offers him a last chance of bringing about some sort of compromise between the Germans and the Czechs. A glance at the composition of the Lower House shows the nature of the change resulting from the elections throughout the Cisleithan half of the empire.

The crushing defeat of the Christian Socialists, who dominated the last Reichsrath, is only partly expressed in their numerical losses. They have now seventy members, as against ninety-seven in the former House; but the significant fact is that all their leaders were ignominiously defeated, and that the party was repudiated mainly in the cities, Vienna reëlecting but three out of thirty-three, so that the bulk of the Christian Socialists in the new Reichsrath consists of a clerico-agrarian group, without leadership or programme. The German-National Union (*Deutscher Nationalverband*), which is now the strongest party in the Reichsrath, is composed mainly of the old German Nationalists, with whom are allied the German Progressists (*Deutschfortschrittliche*), some liberal Agrarians, and scattered members of the Radical

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and Labor parties—ninety-nine in all. This alliance, however, holds out but little prospect of permanent cohesion. The patriotic Progressists remember but too well the turbulent and sometimes anti-dynastic tactics of the German Nationalists, and see signs of coming dissensions in a certain overbearing attitude of the *Nationalverband* toward the *Deutschfortschrittliche* members. Still, there can be no doubt that, compared with the aspirations of the Christian Socialists, the *Nationalverband* will for the present show a united front.

The Social Democrats, who had eighty-seven votes in the old House, appear to have now only seventy, the losses coming mainly from Bohemia. It is doubtful whether the various groups of the party, separated as they are by racial and linguistic considerations, will always effectively combine, either against the Government or otherwise. The Czech Socialists are insistent in claiming the leadership of the party, while the Germans are more conciliatory. Throughout Bohemia and Moravia the Czech Clericals have sustained losses. In Galicia nine ecclesiastical deputies have lost their seats, and there is now but one Polish clergyman in the House—a member from Silesia. All told, there are twelve ecclesiastic deputies, as against twenty-three in the former House. The South Slavs are still preponderatingly clerical, twenty-four, as against thirteen Liberals. The composition of the various Czech groups—aside from the Bohemian Socialists—is not yet clearly defined. The difficulty which the Government will experience in recruiting a working majority with the help of the Czechs is apparent from the make-up of the Czech party in the House, which consists of Agrarians, Young Czechs, Czech Catholics, National Czechs, Old Czechs, Radicals, and Progressists.

The question of a compromise between Germans and Czechs has occupied the attention of every Austrian Ministry since Taaffe inaugurated his ill-fated "reconciliation policy" more than thirty years ago. Nominally, Baron von Gautsch, who has been called for the third time to preside over the Austrian Cabinet, will direct the negotiations between the Germans and Czechs. It is barely half a year since such negotiations were broken off, the leaders of both parties having proved equally obdurate. The question of the official equality of the two languages in Bohemia is, and is bound to remain, the principal stumbling-block. Hitherto the Germans have vainly insisted on German autonomy and a linguistic preference in certain German-speaking territories of Bohemia. These negotiations will, however, not be begun until the Reichsrath reassembles in the autumn, and it is currently believed in Vienna that the Gautsch Cabinet, which is not yet complete, will be merely a stop-gap, and that Prince Thun-Hohenstein is destined to become Gautsch's successor and, as such, the promoter of peace between Czechs and Germans. He is now Governor of Bohemia and was once for a short while Austrian Premier. He is not at all popular with the Germans, and not fully trusted by the Czechs, except the Conservative landed proprietors; but he is a forceful personality and enjoys not only the confidence of the Emperor, who has just invested him with the princely dignity—he was until then Count Thun—but, what is equally important, he has probably close affiliations with the heir to the throne, Archduke Franz Ferdinand, whose pro-Czech leanings are well known. It remains to be seen whether either Baron Gautsch or Prince Thun will be able to reconcile the hitherto irreconcilable and to create a situation that will make it possible for Germans and Czechs to work together amicably in the Prague Diet and the Vienna Reichsrath.

The Reichsrath will have to deal, besides matters affecting taxation and the banking system common to the two halves of the Empire, with the army question, which has just been brought before the Hungarian Diet with signal ability by the Hungarian Premier, Count Khuen. The Government proposes a reduction in the military service to two years, with a corresponding increase in the number of recruits, but what will doubtless succeed in Budapest—where the opposition to Government measures has died down into perfunctory protest—will probably evoke fierce criticism in Vienna, where the Social Democrats are opposed, tooth and nail, to any increase of the army.

The situation in Vienna is, however, far from clear. Elated as the Liberal elements were over the defeat of the Christian Socialists and Clericals—the first in twenty-five years—the lack of firm leadership within the ranks of the Liberals is painfully felt. It is one thing to have routed the party of Lueger, within a year of the death of that demagogue; to have forced out of the Ministry and the Reichsrath his protégé, Dr. Weiskirchner (whom he had designated, in his political testament, as his successor in the Mayoralty of Vienna); to have beaten at the polls Dr. Neumayer, the aged figurehead in the Mayor's seat; Dr. Pattai, the president of the last Reichsrath; Aloys Liechtenstein, the princely tool of anti-Semites—but the question who is to consolidate the new liberal forces is still an open one. The truth is, that the German Liberals in Austria, with all their culture and forensic ability, have never produced a single statesman able to cope with the peculiar difficulties presented by the Empire. It is forty years since the "citizen ministry"—a constellation of brilliant Liberal talents—went out of office, but the Germans have not yet furnished a successor to Herbst and Hasner; and even they and their colleagues failed utterly to grapple with the ever-present problem in Austrian politics—the relations between Germans and Slavs. As Gibbon recognized long ago, they understand practical politics better in Hungary, where there has been an unbroken line of statesmen of a high order for generations—the Andrássys and Tiszas and Khuens continuing the work of Deák and Eötvös.

SAN FRANCISCO'S EARTHQUAKE RELIEF.

More than five years after the great event, the American National Red Cross, through the Government Printing Office at Washington, publishes a detailed report of how the enormous fund collected for the relief of San Francisco's earthquake and fire victims was administered and distributed. For the specialist in welfare work, the report, with its wealth of detail, will probably take its place as a classic. But it is possible, too, for the general reader to find amidst the welter of tables and schedules and topical analyses many a curious sidelight on what we may call the human side of the story. How the country responded to the needs created by the great calamity, and how the national genius for organization set to work at the business of succor and rehabili-

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tation, are clearly enough to be deduced from these formal and colorless pages.

In addition to some 1,850 carloads of food supplies and 150 carloads of clothing, bedding, and housing materials dispatched for the relief of the stricken city, there was remitted to San Francisco directly or through the National Red Cross the sum of $9,673,057. Of this amount $9,279,953 was disbursed from April 23, 1906, to May 29, 1909. To those who have forgotten what the difficulties of the situation continued to be in San Francisco for many months after the earthquake, it may come as a surprise that less than one-fourth of the relief fund was distributed before July 31, 1906. Or to put it another way, three and a half months after the destruction of the city the people of San Francisco were still in so deplorable a condition as to justify the expenditure of more than six million dollars for their relief. In the technical language of the report, the period up to July 31, 1906, was the period of preliminary organization and the period from August 1, 1906, to May 29, 1909, was the period of permanent organization. The large expenditure during this second period is in part explained by the fact that the relief authorities devoted themselves to the work of rehabilitation as well as immediate help. Nearly two and three-quarter millions of dollars were spent in the form of loans for clothing, household equipment, or rebuilding to others than those sheltered in the refugee camps. Thus, with the aid of the relief funds, there were constructed no less than 2,300 permanent habitations.

Even in the face of apparently overwhelming disaster, the spirit of faction asserted itself. There was bitter criticism of the methods pursued by the relief authorities, consisting of the San Francisco citizens' committee and the National Red Cross committee, which had merged into a single body. There was organized a corporation of United Refugees who contended that relief work was overburdened with red tape. This organization succeeded in creating a distinct feeling of mistrust in the country at large, with the result that money contributions fell off and the relief work at San Francisco was seriously hampered. A committee of the Massachusetts Association for the Relief of California, after a thorough investigation on the spot, reported in September that all such rumors were ill-founded in so far as incapacity or dishonest management was concerned. Red tape was too much in evidence and mistakes had been made, but the problem was one of unprecedented difficulty. What had probably happened was that the men in charge of the relief work, painfully conscious of our defects as an unsystematic people, had gone in too emphatically for system. Experience soon taught better.

The largest single contributor to the relief fund was the United States Government, which gave, by Congressional appropriation, the sum of $2,500,000. Canada sent us $145,000, Japan $245,000, and China $40,000. There were several $100,000 contributions, and from that amount subscriptions ranged all the way down to a remittance of 7 cents, which came from Fork Vale, Tenn., enclosed in the following letter:

To the Mayor of San Francisco:

SIR: I am sorry that such a disaster overtook your city, but it is the work of the omnipotent Lord that delivered the law to Moses on Mount Sinai. Probably it is all for the better. Mr. Mayor, you will enclosed find seven cents for the relief fund. I want you . . . to buy bread with this seven cents and give it to some poor widow woman that has got as many as three children, oldest child under seven years old. If I was a John D. Rockefeller or an Andrew Carnegie and E. H. Harriman, I would give thousands to the relief fund, but, Mr. Mayor, I am poor, not got much this world's goods, just married me a wife two weeks ago, and seven cents is all that I can handily spare. May 'Frisco rise to be another great city in the near future. Yours, sincerely,

Nor was this the only letter of its kind. Another such opportunity to point a moral and adorn a tale might not occur in a century.

Particularly interesting in the report is the detailed enumeration of contributions by States, towns, and villages. If any social philosopher is anxious to draw a humanitarian map of the United States, here are the materials. In comparing the following figures one must take into account, of course, the general level of wealth as well as the population. With that reservation in mind we figure it out that the people of New York State, in contributing the sum of $2,840,000, gave approximately 31 cents per capita. Other States gave in the following ratio: Massachusetts, 23 cents; Connecticut, 15 cents; Pennsylvania, 13 cents; Arizona, 11 cents; Maryland, 10 cents; Missouri, 9 cents; Illinois, 8½ cents; New Jersey, 8 cents. The South, an agricultural and poorer region, naturally gave less. Virginia gave 2½ cents, Texas 2 cents, and Mississippi still less. But what was the matter with Kansas, when, in the face of such dire need, it could spare only ½ cent per capita? Where were those rolling plains of alfalfa and those farmers rolling in automobiles in whom the heart of Mr. William Allen White takes delight? Florida, a State with only half the population of Kansas, gave more than three times as much. The city of Jacksonville alone gave $4,000 more than Kansas. Jacksonville gained the place of honor among the smaller cities, with a per-capita rate of 22 cents. Chicago gave 25 cents a head, Philadelphia and St. Louis 40 cents, New York city 60 cents. Boston gave more than a dollar for every one of its inhabitants.

EDWARD M. SHEPARD.

A man of widest culture, unquestioned ability, the highest ideals, and of an intense civic patriotism—the city and the State lose much by the premature death of Edward M. Shepard. Indeed, there is no little of the tragic about it. Only the other day he was the choice of an overwhelming number of Democrats, outside of the party workers, for Senator from New York. He had no press agent; he asked no friends to work for him; he pulled no wires; he curried favor with no editors or politicians. But when the vacancy came in sight, the brains and conscience of the party turned at once to Edward M. Shepard. Looking back, one may truly say that it was Mr. Shepard first and the rest nowhere, until there came into the contest an obnoxious candidate, the necessity for whose defeat superseded that for Mr. Shepard's election. That the result, the choice of an almost unknown judge, was a grave disappointment to Mr. Shepard, we have no doubt. He had an ambition for high office that was thoroughly legitimate and that would have been gratified in any other country under the sun. And yet his philosophy was of the highest, and that same serenity of spirit which carried him through other disappointments made it possible for him to rise above this. A man who is defeated because he is of

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too fine a quality, and too independent for politicians in every way his inferiors, has no reason for heartburnings or chagrin.

More than that, Mr. Shepard had solid civic achievements to look back upon. He could ask public preferment because from early manhood on he had demonstrated that he knew how to work long and arduously against misrule. He was a tower of strength for good government in his early thirties; his was a conspicuous part in the freeing of Brooklyn from John Y. McKane and his ring. Free-traders, ballot and civil-service reformers, sound-money advocates, anti-imperialists, men of all causes that had to do with liberty and public honesty, learned quickly to turn to him, and never sought his aid in vain if his conscience approved. His service in representing the Pennsylvania Railroad in its negotiations for its tunnels and station in New York was in the highest degree unselfish and productive of good for the city. Thanks largely to him and to the late W. H. Baldwin, jr., no hint of scandal ever accompanied the transactions. What he has done year in and year out for the City College, with keen, far-sighted vision and modest self-effacement in the task, the city has yet to learn; but its debt is great indeed. Above all, his professional standing was of the highest. It could truly be said of him, as of Gov. Hughes, that while he had advised large corporations he had never put himself in a position in which one of them could dominate him. The measure of his spirit in accepting the Pennsylvania's retainer may be gauged by the fact that he took it despite friendly warnings that he ought not to be a "railroad lawyer." The opportunity to serve the city was what he saw, not the effect it might have upon him politically.

Why is it then that there must ever be a sense of disappointment in contemplating Mr. Shepard's career, as of a promise unfulfilled? Primarily, he was the victim of a vicious party system, with its boss domination. In England no man of his intellectual calibre could have been excluded from public life; his place must have been at one time or another on the Cabinet bench. During the Parker campaign, when the hopes of Democratic slate-makers ran high, his name naturally appeared as the man best fitted for the Secretaryship of State, which he would have adorned with the ability of Elihu Root, and with a broader view. Again, the blight of Bryanism, by driving his party out of power for most of the years of Mr. Shepard's active maturity, deprived him, like many another, of the opportunity to help direct the ship of state.

But it must be admitted that the fault lay in part with Mr. Shepard. He could never wholly free himself from the thraldom of party fealty. It was never given to him to feel the thrill of rebellion and to lead publicly a revolt against his own party when it went wrong. For all his independence, the spell of regularity lay upon him. It was that, as well as a belief that he might be the chosen instrument to undo Tammany Hall, that led him to accept Richard Croker's nomination for the Mayoralty in 1901. He had himself described Tammany misgovernment as "the most insolent and audacious, as well as the most reckless, assault we have yet known upon the welfare of Greater New York, and of the masses, especially the less fortunate masses." How could he square this with his acceptance of the Mayoralty nomination? Not even he, master of dialectics as he proved to be, comparable in skill and cleverness to the elusive and subtle Arthur J. Balfour, could reconcile the public to his position. But he was sincere throughout, and retracted nothing of his avowed hostility to civic corruption. To the *Nation* it seemed as if Mr. Shepard had made the mistake of seeking ends without stopping to consider the means he might have to use.

Never did independent editors more reluctantly oppose a candidacy or testify more readily to their opponent's high character and personal worth. To urge his selection, in later years, for Governorship and Senatorship was all the more a pleasure. He was the kind of scholar that ought to be in politics; and we can but regret that he did not give us more from a pen that wrote so masterly a story of the life and times of Martin Van Buren. It has been often said of him that he was austere and not a "good mixer," to use current political slang, and that this gravely affected his political career. Yet those who penetrated a slight barrier of shyness or modesty found sympathy and warmth of heart in abundance, as well as the mind of a true statesman. Best of all, they found a patriot second to none in his devotion to the public weal.

ANTHROPOLOGY AND HISTORY IN AUSTRALIA.

SYDNEY, July 10.

Dr. George Brown is one of a devoted band of missionaries to whom science owes a debt of gratitude. He it was who discovered exogamy and mother-kin in Northern Melanesia, as it was a missionary who discovered the classificatory system of relationship in Australia, and other missionaries who ascertained its prevalence over a large part of the globe. Dr. Brown, a few years ago, published an account of the more picturesque portions of his life-work in New Britain, Samoa, and has lately completed the survey by summing up its results ("Melanesians and Polynesians: Their Life-Histories Compared," Macmillan*). In a long series of analytical chapters he examines and compares every feature of the collective existence in the two groups of peoples; and on the ground of strong presumptive evidence comes unhesitatingly to the conclusion that both are descended from a common stock, of which the Melanesians are the oldest representatives. The conclusion is not that of certain other Australian inquirers, who hold that the Polynesian is of Caucasian race, modified by a negroid infusion at a comparatively late date. Dr. George Brown finds little else than identities between the two races, and he easily accounts for the differences. Thus, many of the Melanesian islanders have remained exogamous, while among the Polynesians consanguinity is the only bond. Yet there are still traces of exogamy in Samoa; the advance from uterine to agnatic descent can be followed; and it occurred by a natural process under changed conditions of life. The passage from the one to the other Dr. Brown believes to have been made through the gradual decay of the exogamous system and the consequent necessity of tracing descent through the father.

By papers published in the transactions of learned societies or in official reports, and in other ways, Dr. Brown has contributed no little to what is now, in England, denominated Social Anthropology—a term coined to avoid the hybrid Sociology. He has furnished the omnivorous Prof. J. G. Frazer of "The Golden Bough" with fresh facts concerning totemism. This theory is almost of Australian origin. The facts from which it has been extracted were first brought to light by two Australians—the savant Baldwin Spencer and the magistrate Gillen. One of them, Professor Spencer, the real author of the two now celebrated volumes on the

*A notice of this book was printed in the *Nation* of April 6.

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"Native Tribes" and the "Northern Tribes of Central Australia," which are among the greatest single contributions made to our knowledge of a savage people, so stated the facts that (as Dr. Frazer modestly implies) the inferred theory almost emerged of itself from the statement. In a paper read before the Australasian Association, and in private letters to Dr. Frazer, Professor Spencer arrived simultaneously with him at conclusions that are virtually identical with his. The startling theory thus shaped has now been traversed in the country of its origin. It has a base that will surprise many readers. Incredible as it may appear, the natives of Central Australia, who yet have initiatory ceremonies at puberty, are stated to be ignorant of the nature of physical paternity. Alone in the world, for aught that at present appears, they are unaware of the father's part in bringing children into existence. How do they believe that children are begotten, then? By a process of immaculate conception. Spirits of their ancestors, lurking about near trees, rocks, water-pools, or other hallowed spots, enter the womb of a passing woman, and become the totem of the child then conceived, which was identified with its begetting totem.

Dr. Brown does not wholly accept such explanation of the facts; he finds a number of objections to a theory that seems to be little more than a transcript of the facts. How, then, can he doubt it? He does not exactly dispute the facts, but he is skeptical of their universality. He believes them to be abnormal, and therefore not typical or truly explanatory. Is it not enough to reply that the native tribes of Central Australia are possibly the most primitive people on earth, and therefore may well be the depositaries of beliefs older than the oldest yet known? He is on firmer ground when he objects that the theory fails to connect itself with still earlier beliefs. If religion has its taproot in ancestor-worship, may not that, in some unknown way, be the origin of totemism? And how did the Central Australians arrive at the idea of the entering spirit? Tylor and Herbert Spencer, by a marvellous dialectic, have explained its genesis; but among these primitive Central Australians the notion is already so mature that doctrine of transmigration is highly developed. Further, he asks: how was it to the advantage of primitive men to identify themselves with totem animals, plants, or objects? The conceptional theory, which explains totemism in Central Australia, does not explain it among other peoples where human paternity is known. Yet, may not the conceptional view be the earlier and the root of the later views?

Dr. Brown's opinion is that totemism has its origin in the belief and practice of magic. It dates back to a time when man grew conscious of a Power greater than himself, which he sought to coerce (coercion is of the essence of magic), for his own advantage or the benefit or injury of others. To make his own connection with this Power manifest, there must be some visible means of communicating with it, and thus an animal, plant, or other natural object was chosen for that purpose. On this base, we may add, far more readily than on the foundations laid by Baldwin Spencer and Frazer, a science of religion might be reared, as, indeed, it has been reared by Principal F. B. Jevons. Dr. Frazer now inclines to minimize the part of totemism in the evolution of religion. He holds that it is inferior in importance to ancestor-worship as an agent of religious development. Perhaps we may conclude that it will explain animal-worship, and that is much. Herbert Spencer's theory of animal-worship is understood to be the weakest link in his philosophy of religion.

In the domain of history, the younger scholars in Australia have been using the new, scientific methods with good results. A work called "The Coming of the English to Australia," by Ida Lee (Mrs. Bruce Marriott), and issued by Longmans, consists of a succession of vivid pictures of Australia in the first years of colonization. A diligent search among unused, or but partially used, sources of information has enabled the industrious authoress to shed a genial light over those dark, early days, and to recover facts that were unknown to the best-informed students of the period.

Another historic writer of importance is Dr. Marion Phillips, whose monograph on "A Colonial Autocracy" (Westminster: P. S. King & Son) gives the results of the most exhaustive inquest that has yet been made into a special portion of Australian history. An Australian, but working in London, where alone the manuscript records, the dispatches, and correspondence are to be found, she has filled up many a blank in a critical period and put a fresh complexion on the whole of it. She has drawn a speaking portrait of Gov. Macquarie (the "colonial autocrat" referred to), son of the sixteenth hereditary chief of Ulva in Skye, and colonel of the Highland regiment he took out with him to New South Wales in 1809. She describes the growth in him of the political and social ideal that governed his policy—the ideal of a convict community converted to right ways of living by good government, participating in important public works, sharing in pastoral and agricultural labors, and furnishing out of itself members of every trade and all the liberal professions. She narrates the battles that Macquarie fought to realize this ideal and his struggles with the believers in a very different system. She tells of its hopeless failure as the potent element that was to build up a new Australia came gradually to the front, and the squatter—at first identical in kind with the American squatter, but soon becoming the pastoralist proper—overflowed the acknowledged boundaries of the Colony, and, in spite of the resistance of the Government, home and local, founded sheep and cattle stations in the bush, thus gradually making Australia the foremost pastoral country in the world.

Dr. Phillips complains that she is unable to understand the "sociology" of the subject. It was a needless confession. She might have found the key to Australian history in the "Bush Essays" anonymously published in Edinburgh by George Ranken, some forty years ago, but she has found it by means of her own clear discernment, and she has skilfully applied it. For the first time the early history of Australia has been made intelligible. The able and laborious authoress has lighted up many an obscure passage in that history, corrected not a few accepted errors, revealed unknown incidents, painted the portraits of a number of now-forgotten individuals, and revived features of colonial life that ought not to be left in obscurity.

J. C.

Correspondence

A VISIT TO SIR WILLIAM S. GILBERT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Little more than a year ago I was privileged to visit Sir William S. Gilbert at his home at Harrowweald and to hear him talk intimately of his dramatic effort and aims. Some reminiscences of our conversation may be suggestive to those who have regarded Gilbert chiefly as the librettist of "Pinafore" and "The Mikado" and as the author of popular comedies.

Gilbert's own interest lay primarily in his serious poetic dramas. "Broken Hearts," "Gretchen," and "The Wicked World" were, he said, his own favorite plays. As the talk turned on the question whether in "Gretchen" the heroine's sudden yielding to sin was probable, I was forced to confess that there seemed to me no natural reason for the change of character. I was quite taken aback at the answer: "Just so. The explanation is unnatural. It is diabolical power—the Satanic spell that Gretchen cannot resist. The Faust legend is sufficient authority for any improbabilities of dramatic action." As Gilbert went on to press the point, he seemed to suggest a reason why his poetic dramas are often unconvincing. He was content at times to let his characters escape irksome conformity to the laws of nature and to hold them accountable only to the lax laws of fairyland.

Of Gilbert's extraordinary sensitiveness to adverse criticism I had remarkable proof. Though he was scrupulously faithful to the minutest details of rehearsals, he confessed, to my amazement, that he had never

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dared to attend a single actual public performance of even the most popular of his dramatic or operatic successes.

"'What, never!'" I ventured.

"'Well, hardly ever!'" he replied, with a twinkle. "In fact, really the sole exception that I recall was a production of 'The Mikado' in German. They persuaded me to go, and it was"—he leaned forward confidentially—"rotten." Then he added: "I have always been fearful of failure. In the theatre there is always something that may go wrong. The risk of seeing my own failure in public—no, I cannot brave that."

Other proofs of Gilbert's peculiar sensitiveness were frequent. He had just produced a new opera, "Fallen Fairies," based on his early poetic play, "The Wicked World," but the fairies had fallen upon somewhat stony ground. That his expectations had not been met fully had evidently cut to the quick. Again, I had just been reading the volume on Gilbert by Edith A. Browne in the series called Stars of the Stage. As the author's preface acknowledges a debt to Gilbert for biographical information, I ventured to ask his opinion of the work. "Don't ask me," he said. "Part way through the book she said some things that I couldn't bear about my poetic plays. I never read the rest of it. Usually, you know, Lady Gilbert is my press censor. She reads all the press notices, but lets me see only those she thinks I will like. I tremble at reviewers." Still another evidence of Gilbert's feeling came by merest chance. I had been speaking of a successful amateur revival of his delightful extravaganza, "Engaged," and to his passing phrases about its whimsical absurdity I thoughtlessly rejoined that nothing in the play itself seemed to me so absurd as the criticism on it which interpreted it as a bitter and cruel caricature of mankind. "Did somebody say that of 'Engaged'?" queried Gilbert. It was too late to retreat, and I had to tell of the pages in the book of Filon, the French critic, on "The English Stage," in which he finds something almost of Swift's *saeva indignatio* underlying the playful topsy-turvydom of Gilbert's fancy. "And they call that dramatic criticism in France, do they?" said Gilbert gently. "Could any one have misconceived 'Engaged' more perfectly?"

Another trait which Gilbert revealed was his attention to details. The themes of many of his operas, he said, had come to him by chance. A Japanese sword hanging on his library wall had suggested the picturesque setting of "The Mikado," a Venetian picture that of "The Gondoliers." The chromo of a beef-eater placarded as an advertisement at a railway station had been sufficient hint for "The Yeomen of the Guard." I remarked that such instances suggested intuition rather than accident. "Well," said Gilbert, "I suppose there is a knack in observing trifles. Most people are too busy to bother with petty details."

Since the advent of "Gilbert and Sullivan opera" the mirth-loving public has been loath to let its most delightful jester put aside cap-and-bells. Doubtless this English Yorick was a fellow of infinite jest, yet if I essayed to pluck out the heart of his mystery, I should take a hint from one who interpreted the English humorists of an earlier age. "Harlequin without his mask," says Thackeray, "is known to present a very sober countenance, . . . a man full of cares and perplexities like the rest of us, whose Self must always be serious to him, under whatever mask or disguise or uniform he presents it to the public." GEORGE HENRY NETTLETON.

Yale University, July 16.

TRADE WITH SOUTH AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reference to your editorial in the *Nation* of June 22, allow me to state that our merchants are neglecting the best market tributary to the United States. Ever since the time when Mr. Blaine was Secretary of State, some of our ablest statesmen have called the attention of our merchants to the large and ever-growing trade of South America; the digging of the Panama Canal, Secretary Root's visit to South America, etc., have finally crystallized a sentiment in this country that we desire to get our share of the South American trade. But this determination will avail little unless our people make up their minds to do business in South America under conditions as they exist there. Otherwise we might as well stay at home, and not waste our time and money.

One of the reasons why the United States has such a very small share of this trade is undoubtedly the fact that our merchants and financiers are afraid of operating extensively in South America. This fear is due entirely to a lack of knowledge as to the conditions under which business is done in these countries. Our merchants and financiers should be aware that the English, German, and other European merchants who have been operating in South America for so many years, would not continue doing business there if it were not profitable. Failures in South America are very rare as compared with the United States. Some years ago an American consul reported that in the thriving commercial centre of Medellin, Colombia, there had not been a failure in half a century. A similar state of affairs (or very nearly so) can be found in other important South American commercial centres. Our financial institutions ought heartily to second the efforts of the merchants. The merchant and the banker must of necessity work hand in hand, if they wish to control or even get a share of a foreign market. Those of our banks that have sufficient enterprise to reach out for new and profitable fields should open branches in some of the leading South American cities, and then gradually extend their branches as English and German banks have done, to whom we now have to pay tribute on nearly all the business we do in South America.

A great many of our people, among them some of our leading merchants and financiers, seem to be under the impression that the South Americans have hardly emerged from the early Darwinian state of humanity, and that goods shipped down there will surely be lost unless payment is received before the shipments leave their home port. If the South Americans were anxiously waiting for our wares, it would be easy to compel them to buy on our terms. This, however, is not the case. The various South American countries are canvassed and drummed to-day as energetically and intelligently as any American State in the Union. This drumming for trade is done by general representatives and by local agents of European exporters. Our merchants should send competent men to those countries to study them, men who are familiar with the Spanish language, and who can meet the Latin American in his club as well as in his office. That a drummer has been successful in a logging camp does not necessarily qualify him to capture a foreign market. The impetuous and often free and easy ways of American salesmen are not appreciated by people who are by nature courteous and decorous. Many failures on this very account have come under my personal observation.

Numerous European steamship lines are plying between their ports and the various Latin American republics, and enough of them ply between our ports and South and Central America to take care of all the business we have to offer. While it would be desirable to have American ships carry our merchandise, this is not nearly so essential as the mutual efforts of our merchants and bankers, because ships will always be forthcoming if freight is to be had. Some years ago the Pacific Steam Navigation Company and the Chilian Steamship Company sent their splendid modern steamers from Valparaiso to the North Pacific Coast ports, but after losing a lot of money they had to give it up for lack of freight to load their ships.

J. B. HAVRE.

San Francisco, July 7.

GREEK AND A CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to point out the extraordinary fallacy in a communication in the *Nation* of July 20, entitled "The Question of Greek." The writer argues that the study of Greek and Latin is doomed because a Christian civilization must get its spiritual nourishment from a Christian literature and cannot be "dominated by the literature of a pagan age and nation."

The fact is, of course, that there is nothing distinctively Christian about most of the great masterpieces of literature, modern or ancient, unless we except Dante, who has unfortunately an even smaller place in our curriculum than the Greek poets, and Milton, whose theology is the chief stumbling-block to his eminence. Certainly Shakespeare and Goethe, the accepted representatives of the culture of our race, are as essentially pagan as the Greeks themselves. Plato and the Neo-Platonists, Cicero and the Græco-Roman Stoics, may be said to have contributed more to Christian thought than all the modern masterpieces.

Above all, your correspondent seems to ignore the fact that the better part of Christian literature was itself written in Greek and Latin, and that the New Testament, the very foundation-stone of our civilization, is a Greek book. Christianity was born a Jewish child into a Græco-Roman world, and the Greek and Roman elements that have entered into its life are hardly less important than the original Hebrew element. But for them it could not have burst its swaddling-bands of Judaism, and spread among the gentiles on its world-conquering career. It is not without significance that the two greatest branches of the Christian Church still use the Greek

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and Latin languages in their daily services. That little Greek book which we call the New Testament, whatever view we may take of it, is of such transcendant importance in the history of mankind that it alone, if all other Greek books had disappeared, makes the study of Greek the most important which our whole curriculum can offer—next, of course, to the proper mastery of our own tongue, which lies at the basis of all other intellectual achievement. Attacks against the classics from a utilitarian point of view are to be expected, until our public is sufficiently enlightened to know what true utility may be, but an attack under the pretext of Christian sentiment seems quite preposterous.

Meanwhile, those who took courage at the action of Amherst College have had further justification in the recent action of a representative part of the Cornell faculty. Perhaps, after all, the study of Greek and Latin is not doomed. H. H. YEAMES.

Hobart College, July 25.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I fancy that if the world was truly concerned with Christian civilization the battle of the Greeks were suddenly won, and that it would find in the literature of this pagan civilization of the ancients a most Christian teaching. At least the word "pagan" harks back to that "Nature" which it is all our fashion to-day to cultivate. It is in the Greek rather than in the modern classic that we find the clean fitting of word to vision which is the soul of truth, and which is the stylistic mark of the Nazarene's words. The world is not so much in need of a civilization that shall call itself Christian as it is in need of one that shall be objective and true as far as the perception of life is concerned, and equitable and just and courteous in the expression of it. That this will be essentially Christian probably no one seriously doubts; but this certainly is what modern civilization is not in its literary expression. Contrast the involved and conventional social organization of to-day, its traditional valuation of things, its uncertain and diffident estimation of men, on the commonplaces of which modern thought moulds its language, with the simple, graphic, primitive conception of man and his value on which the Greek builds his, and we easily discover the use of Greek in teaching fundamental thinking. This is no theory. It was no accident of history that the rediscovery of Greek foreran humanism and the origin of modern democracy. Moreover, if to see clearly, to act manfully, with due regard for the pious service of God, not forgetting the devoir toward man, be Christian, it is also Greek. For a young mind to live in thought the wonderful conceptions of the fine Greek spirit—and they do find habitation in the mind—is for it to grow strong and sane and devout, to be ready to hear and to obey the voice that called by the waters of Galilee. This is the wisdom of a Christian priest, who needs his Greek even as he needs his Bible.

Amherst College, true to its tradition of clear thinking and its emphasis on the things that make for real culture and intellectual fineness, is discovering that as a guiding thread in the blind labyrinth of modern culture Greek is, as it has always been, sustaining. And the happy mark for Amherst is that there are many not inexpert in the ways of the modern world, who think the Greek ideal, the *kalon k'agathon* has some educational value, and who wish their children to possess something of the culture of the ancient literatures.

OSCAR WOODWARD ZEIGLER.

All Faith Rectory, Saint Mary's County, Maryland, July 22.

THE POPULATION OF OREGON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an article by Burton J. Hendrick, entitled "The Initiative and Referendum in Oregon," in the July issue of *McClure's Magazine*, one finds this statement:

> In its settlement, Oregon drew upon many of the best elements in the American stock. The Western coast was settled largely by New Englanders, many of them seafaring people. There is a tradition that, when the time came to name their leading city, the pioneers tossed a coin to determine whether they should call it Boston or Portland; and Portland to-day, with its central green, its general atmosphere of quiet respectability, strongly resembles a New England town.

Without animadverting upon Portland, its name, or its "quiet respectability," I desire to call attention to an error, apparently common, regarding the elements of population which settled Oregon. While Washington would probably more nearly measure up to Mr. Hendrick's statement, Washington and Oregon have been very different, in elements of population, in forms of government, both State and local, in general atmosphere, till within the past ten years or so. Oregon drew its people but slightly from the Atlantic Coast: the belt of States, including Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Missouri furnished, in the early days, the bulk of the population of the Willamette Valley, which, for many years, was virtually Oregon. Based upon nativity figures, as given in the United States Census, the above mentioned commonwealths contributed, in 1850, 30.6 per cent. of the total inhabitants of Oregon; in 1860, 22 per cent.; in 1870, 14 per cent.; in 1880, 12.8 per cent. If, for the same years, we add to this the quota afforded by Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, a group the southern portion of which contained much the same social elements as were to be found south of the Ohio River, we account for, respectively, 48.7 per cent., 40.2 per cent., 25.5 per cent., and 23.7 per cent. of the total population.

Perhaps it may be affirmed that, more than any other one commonwealth, Missouri shaped the early development of Oregon, primarily by furnishing a large portion of the people, and consequently by moulding its institutions. According to the census of 1850, of the 13,294 souls in the Oregon Territory, 16.5 per cent. were born in the Compromise State; in 1860, 10.8 per cent.; and it was not till 1870 that New England, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania together sent as many migratory spirits to the Pacific Coast as did the one Middle Western State. Hence, it is to be seen that New England alone played little part in the earlier days; in fact, in 1850 only 4.2 per cent. of the Oregonians were New Englanders by birth; and, by decades, the proportion from the northeast stood at 3.13 per cent., 2.5 per cent., 4.4 per cent., and, even in 1890, but 4.5 per cent.

Since 1890, the Atlantic Coast has contributed somewhat more in proportion than previously, yet the mass of incoming population—and it is estimated that between 25,000 and 30,000 entered the State during one "boosting" month of the past spring—continues to come from the Middle West, Kansas, and especially Nebraska, now vying with Missouri for the largest fraction. LESTER BURRELL SHIPPEE.

Forest Grove, Ore., July 22.

Literature

THE SCIENCE OF CRIME.

Modern Theories of Criminality. By C. Bernaldo de Quirós. Translated from the Spanish by Alfonso de Salvio, Ph.D. With an introduction by William W. Smithers, Esq. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $4 net.

Criminal Psychology: A Manual for Judges, Practitioners, and Students. By Hans Gross, J.U.D. Translated from the Fourth German Edition by Horace M. Kallen, Ph.D. With an introduction by Joseph Jastrow, Ph.D. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $5 net.

Crime; its Causes and Remedies. By Cesare Lombroso, M.D. Translated by Henry P. Horton, M.A. With an introduction by Maurice Parmelee, Ph.D. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $4.50 net.

Criminal Man according to the Classification of Cesare Lombroso. Briefly summarized by his daughter, Gina Lombroso Ferrero. With an introduction by Cesare Lombroso. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

The first three of these books are a part of the Modern Criminal Science Series, issued by the care of the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology, which was organized in Chicago in 1900. The purpose of the series, under which nine titles are announced, is explained in a general introduction by Mr. Smithers. Criminal law, he holds, is to-day in the position of medical science of two centuries ago, when every disease was attributed to the will of God and almost the only treatment was calomel and blood-letting. In law it is still a dominant tendency to ascribe every crime to a vague and inscrutable "free will" and to treat all kinds of crime and all kinds of criminals simply with varying doses of jail or fine. Yet it is known that every crime, like every disease, has a specific natural cause. While, however, the search for these causes has been going on in Europe for forty years past, with the use of all the resources of science—"anthropology, medicine, psychology, economics, sociology, philanthropy, penology"—the American public and the legal profession in particular have remained either ignorant or indifferent. The purpose of the Institute is to educate the profession

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and the public by procuring the translation of some of the more important treatises on criminal science in foreign languages.

It is one thing to point to the existence of a deficiency, another thing to define it, and still another to determine the remedy. It is true that toward the constructive development of law and punishment the legal profession has been strangely and perhaps culpably deficient; in which respect it presents a sharp contrast to the attitude of medicine toward health. We must therefore welcome any signs pointing to a consciousness of its position. It does not follow, however, that the legal profession must forthwith embrace "modern science." From the sober conservatism of the law to the tumultuous speculation of criminal sociology is something of a leap. And the calm confidence of the General Introduction, together with the list of works selected for translation, tends to suggest a rather naïve attitude on the part of the gentlemen of the law toward the possibilities of "scientific method."

This impression is deepened upon acquaintance with their first number, "Modern Theories of Criminality," by De Quirós. Under this hopeful title the reader will expect to find a digested analysis, with some constructive criticism, introducing order among the issues, so that a sober thinker may find his way. The only order perceivable is in the table of contents. This, indeed, presents an elaborately logical classification, which is also historical, tracing the science from its "origins" among the psychiatrists, Morel and Maudsley, and the statistician, Quételet, through the "innovators," Lombroso, Ferri, and Garofalo, to the "development," which is too complex for mention. But no sense of relationship is conveyed by the text. The theories of crime—virtually the whole criminological stock of ideas—are summarily disposed of in the first hundred pages, and are followed by an even more summary account of methods of punishment and detection. The author jumps quickly from atavism to degeneration, to epilepsy, to neurasthenia, from social to socialistic theories, with only a bare sentence of criticism here and there in the repetition of some clever remark, and the reader is left to wonder how far these multitudinous theories give the lie to one another, or whether, indeed, they have reached a speaking acquaintance. The one purpose served by the translation is that of a catalogue of material. Nothing could present the study of criminology in a much worse light, and the only excuse to be offered for the character of the book must be the present state of the "science."

While the criminologists have performed a useful service in calling attention to the facts of crime, it must at the same time be said that their theories of human life, even of criminal life, border mostly on the grotesque. And a review of the theories suggests that the science (nothing, if not empirical) is burdened by a more or less unconscious assumption, which is formulated by Mr. Smithers when he says that every crime, like every disease, has a natural cause. Now it may be urged that every intended human action has also its reason; and a reason differs from a natural cause, a crime from a disease, at least in the fact that it operates consciously. It is then not absurd to suppose that this consciousness of what one is doing must in some way characterize the action and the agent. And this is the ground, at bottom, upon which the older theories sought to connect crime with free will and responsibility. Whatever the difficulty of these conceptions, they are interpretations of a fact of human life—indeed, of its most conspicuous fact. Modern criminal science may then be almost completely characterized by the statement that it leaves this fact out of account. One may go through the theories represented by De Quirós and find every conceivable factor represented—heredity, physical degeneracy, social conditions—every factor but that of intelligible human motive. The truth is that any assumption of the efficiency of motive is repugnant to the "method of science." And this accounts for the grotesque; for what it all means is that a really scientific anthropology must ignore the feature most characteristic of man.

From De Quirós it is a satisfaction to turn to Prof. Hans Gross's "Criminal Psychology." The first German edition of this book appeared in 1897, the later edition, from which the version is made, in 1905. The title is somewhat misleading. For the "criminal psychology" considered in part ii concerns the criminal only as witness, or examinee, and is quite as much occupied with the mental conditions of the other witnesses, while part i, covering two-fifths of the work, deals with the reasoning processes of the judge. Briefly stated, his psychology is that of a function peculiar to the judicial system of the Continent, that, namely, of the examining magistrate. None the less, the work should be one of deep interest, not only to the legal profession, but to all who are interested in the weighing of human testimony; and, in spite of the rather crude, and not always idiomatic, English of the translation, it is entertaining and readable. Professor Gross displays little of the pedantry of "modern science." He is a "scientist," of course, but cautious. "Whenever people delayed in establishing the right thing and then suddenly tried for it, they went in their haste too far." (This might be recommended to the consideration of the American Institute.) In fact, if "science" is to stand for a thoroughly coördinated system of ideas and facts, he is hardly a scientist at all. What he really offers is an extensive survey of the facts and conditions of judicial investigation which is based upon personal experience as a judge, enlightened by a broad erudition, and well seasoned by ripe judgment and shrewd common sense. Two things are noticeable: first, that his psychology is nearly always relevant to his special subject—which is unusual in books of this class; secondly, that he regards the criminal as a human being and (not disregarding other factors) applies the assumption of human motive. "Who thinks to know the character of a man without knowing his view of the world?" Yet, he adds, "who [among the judges] talks of their world views with his criminals?"

Lombroso is at any rate picturesque. His theory of the born criminal has quite failed to convince, but it will doubtless continue to interest all those who are given to the search for congenital human types. "Crime: its Causes and Remedies," to which Professor Parmelee contributes a slightly cautionary Introduction, covers an extensive range of topics, and furnishes some interesting exercises in the logic of statistics. Published first in French in 1899, it offers a more mature and much revised statement of the views put forth in "Criminal Man," in 1876.

Lombroso's "Criminal Man" is too well known to call for comment. Yet, though easily the most conspicuous landmark of criminology, it has never been turned into English—possibly because of its three volumes. The present abridgment offers an easy and authoritative access to its contents, and useful synopses of other works of Lombroso are given in an appendix.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Valley of Regret. By Adelaide Holt. New York: John Lane Co.

The involved destinies of a strong man, a weak man, and a beautiful woman are by no means new topics for the writer of fiction. But in her somewhat inaptly named book, "The Valley of Regret," Adelaide Holt has created such life-like central characters and narrated their experiences in so plausible and direct a manner that the romance of their careers seems genuinely fresh and real. The development of Betty, the heroine, from a fanciful child to a woman courageous in love and self-denial, is told simply and logically and with much skill in the analysis of emotion. It is regrettable that so unnecessary and cheaply theatrical a character as Sebastian Oppenheim, an impossibly villanous Hebrew, should have been dragged into the story. He is introduced only to be murdered by Edward Charteris, Betty's dissipated young husband,

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whose resulting term of imprisonment clears the field for the other lover, John Earle. This man is of the large, conquering type that some modern woman writers delight in describing, but in this case he is a human being and not a mere caricature of the superman. His love affair with Betty is described frankly, and its heroic and renunciatory termination is an episode of powerful dramatic appeal. The minor characters in the story—with the exception of Sebastian Oppenheim—are much more than the usual marionettes. One of them, a ritualistic priest of the Church of England, who devotes his talents to work in the London slums, acts as the confidant of Betty and of John Earle, and his kindly and wholesome personality plays an important part in the development of the plot. It is perhaps an unusual fault to find, but there are too many vital and interesting characters in this book. There is no background of commonplace humanity, no steadying chorus of the uninspired. The result is that one leaves the story with a suspicion that, in spite of its excellence, it is too intense, and that its author has yet to learn the lesson of restraint.

The Second Amendment. By Henry Clay Hansbrough. Minneapolis: The Hudson Publishing Co.

Thirty-two "chief characters" would seem to be sufficient for a five-foot shelf of novels, yet this, according to the list prefaced to the book, is the number of the main personages in Senator Hansbrough's story. It is accordingly scarcely a matter of surprise that their identities become hopelessly confused and that the heroic reader who perseveres beyond the first chapter finds himself lost in a tangle of virtuous statesmen, corrupt politicians, capitalists, desperadoes, editors, adventuresses, and superlatively beautiful young women. The author has endeavored to portray American Senatorial life and to predict the developments of American politics. He has elected to do this by means of the novel, a form of composition with the elements of which he is evidently unacquainted. The result is that the plot is buried under mountains of platitudinous sermonizing, tedious description, and dialogue of remarkable dulness. The story has to do with one Senator Twain, belonging to a new progressive party, barbarously named "Altrocratic," who is abducted by the agents of his political opponents in order to prevent his voting on an amendment. It is difficult to find just what the amendment was, but the original bill, apparently, was to authorize the exchange of the Philippine Islands for Canada. It is possible, but by no means easy, to trace the fate of Senator Twain through varied adventures to his final rescue and marriage, for, of course, there is a "heart-interest," put into the story with the laudable purpose of adding life and color. Unfortunately, this purpose is not attained, although the love-affair is treated in the best sentimental manner of Miss Laura Jean Libbey.

A Fair House. By Hugh De Sélincourt. New York: John Lane Co.

The explanation of the title of this novel is to be found in a stanza which follows the dedication:

> O Love, they wrong thee much
> That say thy sweet is bitter,
> When thy ripe fruit is such
> As nothing can be sweeter.
> Fair House of joy and bliss
> Where truest pleasure is,
> I do adore Thee;
> I know Thee what Thou art,
> I serve Thee with my heart,
> And fall before Thee.

The author's "Fair House" suffers here and there from want of plausibility. Toby Warren, a young playwright, going with the news of the completion of his latest masterpiece to his friend, John Camden the publisher, is stopped at the threshold by the housekeeper, whose orders are to let nobody in. After a little parleying Warren is shocked to learn the reason: "We buried young Mrs. Camden yesterday four weeks." It seems rather strange that so intimate a friend of the Camdens should first hear of the event in this way; but he does. He pushes past the protesting housekeeper and goes up the stairs to find Camden dead to everything, including the infant daughter, which lived in spite of the fate that took its mother. He sets himself to rouse his friend from this paralysis, and to this end proposes a week's walking trip. They take it, starting in a heavy rain, and it proves the beginning of Camden's revival of interest in life. Another spur to his deadened energies is the visit of an arrogant young novelist, whose first work Camden offers to buy—and burn. It is brilliant but pessimistic, and he labors to alter the author's philosophy. The result, however, is only to evoke the undisguised contempt of the young genius for him and for his ideas, and the arrogant but precocious youth goes out to become a very popular novelist. In the course of time the daughter grows up, responding with incredible cleverness to her father's manifold system for her intellectual development. The brilliant novelist comes into her life in a somewhat peculiar way, and it is their relations that are particularly unconvincing. He goes out of it again, and for a space there is gloom. Then young Tommy Gates, her father's right-hand man, suggests to Warren that she should take the leading part in Warren's new play. He is persuaded by Tommy's enthusiasm; she does take the part, makes a hit, but not too soon, and finds a lover to solace her for any woe from her other love-experience.

Tillers of the Soil. By J. E. Patterson. New York: Duffield & Co.

In a preface rich in archaic word-forms and squinting constructions, our author proclaims an adamant resolution not to be influenced by what critics have said regarding the formlessness of an earlier novel from the same pen. This is our old friend the cross-section-of-life theory, by which a story begins nowhere in particular and ends nowhere in particular. But the book in hand is a complete refutation of that theory. There are in it several real persons and two or three attractively worked out persons. With a plot to bind them together they might have produced no mean effect. But as it is, they move in pale colors across the pages and drop out of sight with the last one. As to the main current of the story, we doubt if an American public can be interested in psychological parallels between the Yorkshire farmer and the Essex type. Curiously mixed with realistic character portrayal runs a heavy strain of poetizing that reaches a ridiculous climax in the character of Lucian A. Kingdom, the young American who sings songs of his own composition to his lady love. But we would rather hear him sing than make use of the American dialect the author has provided him with.

AN AMERICAN IN THE EAST.

The West in the East: From an American Point of View. By Price Collier. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

Mr. Collier, though adequately prepared by reading, did not enter upon his tour with the usual prepossessions of a Western radical. "The Oriental mind," he discovers, "has no conception of equality between men. Even in matters of justice he dislikes rules of procedure, laws of evidence. He prefers that the matter should be settled face to face between himself and the ruler. He cannot understand that superior standing in the community is of any value, unless it can be used even in the courts for his own advantage." The attempts of Hindu agitators to replace British control in India, which have many sympathizers in this country, fill the author with disgust because he regards their democracy as a sham, their plea for liberty as hypocrisy, and because their success, he thinks, would entail inevitable misery upon the great mass of the population:

> The Brahman has never been a fighting man; he has fattened upon superstition, and consequently has aided it, and continues to encourage it to the utmost, and holds, con-

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sequently, the strange position in India of being a seditionist as against the English and a reactionary as against his own people. There is a harsher word than I care to use for this type of citizen, but whatever he may be, he is distinctly a stumbling-block in the present situation. Men who ask for larger representation in the government, knowing full well that they alone are sufficiently educated to profit by it, and who are inciting the weak-minded to assassinate, and the ignorant to balk, the alien reformers, are difficult to deal with, especially when one hears on every side from disinterested natives that they tremble at the idea of their future magistrates, having as much concern with the increase of their salaries as with their caste elevation, and who say: "It would be treason to humanity to place us by force of British bayonets under the yoke of those whose flesh creeps on their bones when they hear of war." I quote from a Rajput noble of Oudh.

The troubles of India are numerous enough, but now the country has to withstand a new danger, the "economic lymph of the West," the standard of money, from which England must try her best to protect it. In a land where people have always looked up to birth and holy living as ideals they are learning that one may be accounted great for what he possesses. "The social and even political tyranny of the irresponsible rich is yet to be their portion and their potion, and it will prove more unpalatable to them than any that has yet been forced upon them. They must go through all this, and then, alas! learn all over again that comfort is not prosperity, that luxury is not culture, and that a mind besmeared with odds and ends of learning is not education. Even England and America are only just beginning to see this." To meet the difficulties which beset them Mr. Collier detects two qualities that probably none but an American would adduce as helpful assets in the English character. In the first place, they are not too fine for the job. "Fortunately for the problem and probably for themselves, this hard-playing, unanalyzing, governing race of Englishmen, with unbounded confidence in themselves, take all these matters so lightly, ignore them so placidly, discuss them so flippantly, that for them they cease to exist. They come and stare at Benares like children at a pantomime, then return to deal justly and patiently with three hundred million wards, as though the whole spiritual and intellectual life of thousands of years and millions of subjects did not exist." In the second place, they succeed because, unlike the long series of their predecessors in the conquest of India, they refuse to settle in the country and become victims of climatic and social degeneration. What is often alleged as a weakness in the British relation to India may well prove its strength if the English continue to breed carefully trained experts in Asiatic administration and can keep them from being overruled by sentimental voters at home.

While much the most effective part of his book is devoted to India, Mr. Collier is not a bit less amusing and incisive in his comments upon conditions in China and Japan. In these countries, however, he does not appear to have been so well instructed. Like most recent travellers in the East, he yields to the current reaction against Japan, putting them far below the forceful and competent Chinese in ability and character. China, he thinks, is certain to come into her own again. So far the Japanese have succeeded in their task of national reconstruction through devotion to a divinely descended Mikado, but it is idle to contend that this is the only influence that keeps the nation together, or that "once the superstitious awe in which the Japanese Emperor is held by the people disappears, Japan will be like a study table covered with papers in a breeze, when the paper-weights have been taken away."

A few errors of statement have escaped the author's revision. Instead of half a dozen, there are 147 distinct languages in India; John Nicholson was not shot through the heart at Delhi; Hideyoshi was not the founder of the Tokugawa Shogun House; nor can it be fairly said that the poor Indian weaver is ruined for the benefit of the Lancashire manufacturer by an excise duty of 3½ per cent. The tax is a counterpoise to a similar customs duty paid on imported cottons. A terrible scoring of the "uninformed diplomacy that has dished us in the East," inspired by Secretary Knox's proposals as to Manchurian railway management, appears to have been founded upon a total misconception of the plan. Such slips, however, may readily be forgiven in a volume that is at once the most readable and the best worth reading of books on the Asia of to-day.

The Cabin. By Stewart Edward White. Illustrated with photographs by the Author. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.

Jungle Trails and Jungle People: Travel, Adventure, and Observation in the Far East. By Caspar Whitney. New York: Harper & Bros. $3 net.

To the many recent books on the Sierras Mr. White adds a characteristic miscellany of descriptions and narratives that centre about a cabin "in the far mountains, seventy miles from a railroad and a mile up in the air." Here he spends his summers in the company of Billy, of Flapjack, a shiny black mule, and Theophilus, an extremely wise and hungry-looking totem bird that commands the main avenue of the forest. There is no plot, there is not even a sequence of events; and the book has, as a result, only a wavering kind of interest. We are put down among big trees and bade forage as best we may. Unfortunately, the amount of enticing fodder is scant, for though every chapter is graceful and not without occasional happy touches, there are no unusually well-done stretches of narrative, description, or comment. One is inclined to feel that the author's affection for his cabin in the hills has dimmed his sense of what is interesting and what is not. Now and then he writes with an inconsequential garrulity that leads him into the schoolgirl naïveté of "We had the best kind of a time."

The fault accords with Mr. White's philosophy of life, which seems to be identical with that of California John, the old ranger—"just live along." In a discussion with California John he quotes Stevenson's couplet, "The world is so full of a number of things." "He's dead right," replies the ranger, "and to my notion in His eyes they're all one about as important as the other." Mr. White objects: "Do you mean to say that you really believe it's as important to ditch that meadow as to dig the Panama Canal?" "Not to Roosevelt," is the reply; "mebbe to me." And one suspects that Mr. White more than half agrees with California John.

A more rebellious soul is Mr. Whitney. In what he calls modestly, but accurately, his halting style, he confesses that he "would be free from the crying newsboys and the pressure of conventions." The pathless jungle is a "larger world of which our conventionalized smaller one is but the gateway." And so he wanders about Siam and the Malay Peninsula—he has exhausted the best of the remainder of the world—tracking the elephant, tiger, rhinoceros, buffalo, gnuadang, observing the ways of queer people and the ways of European Powers, and now reports for the advantage and delectation of those who helplessly chafe at routine and convention. His narrative is interesting throughout. Despite his frequently atrocious style, with its grammatical weaknesses, its abundance of cheap and slangish expressions, and worst, perhaps, its baffling and inscrutable punctuation, he writes with so much personal pleasure and humor that we follow him gladly. Though fond of the local term—klawng, plook-pee, namphrik, tumbuk lada, and the like—he does not bewilder the reader with exoticism. Like most jungle hunters, he asserts that he is not bloodthirsty, and, unlike many of these hunters, he is genuinely interested in pursuit and mastery rather than in gory success. He does not kill four lions in three days, but very often fails to kill anything. The buffalo he finds, as do most hunters, perhaps the most difficult trophy to get: after following the trail for many hours he is close to the beast; in the appallingly silent forest he must cut his way with the jungle knife, and the least

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sound is likely to start the buffalo and necessitate another long pursuit. No less difficult is the seladang—"it is your life or his."

Mr. Whitney regards the colonial policy of the French and the Dutch as largely mistaken; for the English, however, he has nothing but praise. "It is worth a journey around the Peninsula, if only to see the type of young men whom England calls out to help her solve Malay problems; and to see the type is to understand why England's colonial government is so eminently successful." The Chinese, he insists at intervals, are "the industrial backbone of Siam and of the Malay Archipelago." England could make no progress without them, and the United States, "Congress to the contrary notwithstanding," will find them just as essential in the development of the Philippines.

Notes

The latest addition to the excellent Centenary edition of Dickens, imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, is "Our Mutual Friend," in two volumes.

A volume of "American Addresses," by the Hon. Joseph H. Choate, is promised by the Century Co. for this autumn. From the same house is to come Prof. A. C. McGiffert's "Martin Luther: The Man and His Work."

Henry Frank, author of "Modern Light on Immortality," is finishing a sonnet-sequence to be entitled "The Story of America Sketched in Sonnets." The book will be published by Sherman, French & Co.

George Moore, who has removed his residence from Dublin to London, is writing an autobiography called "Hail and Farewell," which will extend to two or three volumes. The first volume, dealing with his life in Ireland and on the Continent, will be published by D. Appleton & Co. this autumn.

In view of the swarm of imitations that have entered the field, it is interesting to hear that Henry Holt & Co. are issuing the fifty-ninth edition of "The Prisoner of Zenda," and the twenty-third of "Rupert of Hentzau."

Prof. Albert Bernhardt Faust, head of the German department at Cornell, has just received the Loubat prize (3,000 marks) from the Royal Prussian Academy of Science for his work entitled "The German Element in the United States." The book is published by Houghton Mifflin Co.

A. C. McClurg & Co. have a long list of titles for autumn publication. It includes in biography and history: "Robert Louis Stevenson in California," by Katherine D. Osbourne; "Fifty Years of Public Service," by the Hon. Shelby M. Cullom, senior U. S. Senator from Illinois; "Kansas in the Sixties," by the Hon. Samuel J. Crawford, Governor of Kansas; and "The Expedition of the Donner Party and Its Tragic Fate."—In travel: "A Motor Flight through Algeria and Tunisia," by Mrs. Edward Ayer; "Abroad in a Runabout," by A. J. and F. H. Hand; "A Garden of Paris," by Elizabeth Wallace; "Through the Heart of Canada," by Frank Yeigh; "America of To-morrow," by Abbé Felix Klein; "The Coming China," by Joseph King Goodrich, and "An Army Officer on Leave in Japan," by L. Mervin Maus, U. S. A.—In fiction: "My Lady of Doubt," by Randall Parrish; "As the Sparks Fly Upward," by Cyrus Townsend Brady; "The Blood of the Arena," a translation by Frances Douglas of Señor Vicente Blasco Ibáñez's Spanish story of bull fighting; "Dr. David," by Marjorie Benton Cooke; "The Texican," by Dane Coolidge; "Out of the Primitive," by Robert Ames Bennet; "The Quest of the Silver Fleece," by Wm. E. B. Du Bois; "Something Else," by J. Breckenridge Ellis; "The Fusing Force," by Katharine Hopkins Chapman; "The Smile of the Sphinx," by Marguerite Bouvet; "Emerson's Wife, and other Western Stories," by Florence Finch Kelly; and "A Viking's Love and other Tales of the North," by Ottilie A. Liljencrantz.—Miscellaneous: "Arts and Crafts of Our Teutonic Forefathers," by G. Baldwin Brown; "Myths and Legends of Alaska," by Katharine B. Judson; "One Thousand Books for Children," by Penrhyn W. Coussens; "The High School Debate Book," by E. C. Robbins; "The Modern Railroad," by Edward Hungerford; "Searchlights on Some American Industries," by James Cooke Mills; "The Woman Movement in America," by Belle Squire; "Ship Subsidies," by Edwin M. Bacon; "Building Your Girl," by Kenneth H. Wayne, and a new enlarged edition of "The New Home Cook Book."

Among the miscellaneous books announced by Frederick A. Stokes Company for publication this summer and autumn are the following: "Industrial Depressions," by George H. Hull; "The Book of Love," by Arthur Ransome; "My Confession Book," "The Fortunes of My Friends," "Revelations of My Friends," in Thumbograph Series; "A Tribute to the Dog," by Gustav Kobbe; "The Woman with the Lamp," by Richard Dehan; "The Secret Garden," by Frances Hodgson Burnett; "A Prairie Courtship," by Harold Bindloss; "The Fruitful Vine," by Robert Hichens; "Pandora's Box," by John A. Mitchell; "Advanced Auction Bridge," by the expert of the New York *Sun*; "The Syrian Shepherd's Psalm," by Jules Guérin; "The Great Adventure," by Louise Pond Jewell; "The Tragedy of St. Helena," by Sir Walter Runciman; "In Northern Mists," by Fridtjof Nansen; "At the Silver Gate," by John Vance Cheney; "A Roman Pilgrimage," by R. Ellis Roberts; "Across the Roof of the World," by P. T. Etherton; "The Danube," by Walter Jerrold; "The Fortunate Isles," by Mary Stuart Boyd, and "The South Wales Coast," by Ernest Rhys.

As with a good many other flowers, the glory of Count Albert d'Orsay was rooted in ill-smelling ground. As the accepted lover of Lady Blessington, it is not nice that her husband (who signed himself "Blessinton") should have promised to provide for him if he would abandon his career in the French army, and marry one of Blessington's daughters (by a former wife, it is pleasant to add). That, nevertheless, was the support of the Count's career, which is told with some sprightliness, falling at times into amateurish smartness, by W. Teignmouth Shore in his "D'Orsay, or the Complete Dandy" (Brentano's). There is not enough known of the Count to fill out the pudgy volume which English publishers think necessary for a biography, and as a consequence a considerable part of the book is really a life of Lady Blessington, with an account of the society which gathered in her salon. If the early career of Lady Holland kept a few of the more precise ladies of London away from Holland House, the unrepentant conduct of her rival in society, Lady Blessington, limited the circle at St. James's Square and Gore House almost entirely to men. But where Louis Napoleon, Thackeray, Disraeli, Dickens, and others of that kidney met, there was conversation, at least. Like Beau Brummel, our dandiacal hero suffered the ignominy of debts and ended his career in the shade, so that the tale of his life is as moral as it is entertaining.

There is not much political or military history in A. C. A. Brett's "Charles II and His Court" (Putnam), except that Charles's youthful adventures in the Rebellion are related with sufficient detail. It is the romantic and personal aspects of the subject that have appealed most to the author, and these he has set forth with sufficient knowledge and sober skill. He writes confessedly as a partisan of the Stuarts, and this is no bad thing in a popular book of this sort. Now and then he rather strains the note of partiality, as when he maintains that Charles received the French subsidies in a spirit of patriotism, or when, in reference to the Rye House plot, he observes calmly that "the rest of the Whig chiefs decided on attempting to kill the King"; but for the most part the story is told without distortion of the facts. Even for the general reader it would have been better if Mr. Brett had been more particular in stating his sources; it is sometimes irritating to read an extract from a letter or diary without knowing the name of the writer. Nor should Mr. Brett date the foundation of the Royal Society in 1663—it was founded in 1660 and chartered in 1662—nor is he quite precise in speaking of the Whigs before 1679.

In "The Great Epic of Israel" (Sturgis & Walton), Amos Kidder Fiske reports on his readings in Old Testament criticism for the benefit of a popular audience. How far his readings ranged, or on what writers he pins most faith, he leaves the reader to guess, for there are no footnotes, and in the preface the only reference is to the "Encyclopedia Biblica." The author's purpose seems to be to persuade a generation taught by "teachers and preachers who still shrink from teaching and preaching the truth freely and candidly" (p. viii), that there is no special inspiration in the Old Testament. He declares that "the consecrated writings of the Jews are here treated as an epic of the people of Israel," but he nowhere defines the meaning of "epic," nor does he seem to make any attempt to relate it to the Iliad and the others, except by constant insistence that it is the work of man and that it contains many myths and much fiction. His attempt to bind the heterogeneous contents of the Old Testament into a single continuous work in narrative form would be puzzling, we believe, to readers who know their Bible in the old-fashioned way; and hardly less so to those who have studied the higher criticism. The development of the history and of the religion of Israel was undoubtedly

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continuous; but the literature has come down to us in fragments, which cannot be forced into continuous form without violence to their nature.

Brown Brothers of Philadelphia are putting forth a Modern Authors' series of translations in the form of thin volumes averaging some forty pages in attractive blue-board covers. Modern is here used in the sense of advanced. The authors drawn from are mostly leaders of revolt. Upon the basis of the three booklets that have reached us, comprising three short stories from the German of Frank Wedekind and one from the Russian of Garshin, we are not yet prepared to say that the series meets a long-felt want.

In his "Greek Immigration to the United States" (Yale University Press), Henry Pratt Fairchild has swept the ground clear. The book was written as a Ph.D. thesis for the Yale department of anthropology, and it breathes on every page the love of the infinitesimal for its own sake. It goes against the grain to pick fault with so honest, so thorough, and so readable a contribution to social science. Inclusiveness is its virtue and its sin. Everything that could possibly be said about the causes of Greek immigration, about the mechanics of it, about its scope and character, about its effects on this country and on Greece, has been said. Nevertheless, the doubt will occur whether it was worth a trip to Greece and 120 pages of close text to ascertain that the Greeks come to the United States because Greece is a poor country, where the peasant wrings a scanty subsistence out of a reluctant soil, etc., etc. The architecture of the Greek Orthodox Church, at Lowell, Mass., receives three-quarters of a page. For the principal Greek colonies in Chicago, New York, and Lowell, there are detailed enumerations and censuses that come close to killing a small fly on a very big wheel. The time-honored grubbing of the Ph.D. thesis is here devoted to modern uses. But while a treatise on the leg structure of an obscure member of Coleoptera may be rather trying, it has a dignity that does not attach to an enumeration by States of the number of candy and fruit stores owned by Greeks throughout the United States. Mr. Fairchild has written a fairly useful book, but it would have been just as useful if he had made it shorter by two-thirds. With less space to cover he might have driven his analysis closer, here and there. Closer study, for instance, would have shown that the situation in Greece is not necessarily intolerable because "a laborer earning five drachmas a day will pay ten drachmas per month for a room for himself and his family." Two days' income for a month's rent is not a crushing expenditure. The ordinary laborer in New York probably pays out six or seven days' income as rent.

A real difficulty in the use of Latin beginners' books lies in the fact that the vocabularies and the sentences for translation are usually put together on the same page. To avoid this difficulty Miss Abby Kirk and Miss E. L. Bull have adopted a new device in their "First Latin Book" (Lippincott). The translation exercises are grouped together in the second part of the book, and the space thus usually occupied under the different lessons is left blank. From the mechanical point of view, the appearance of the book is therefore peculiar, for the authors have arranged that every lesson should begin at the top of the page, with the result that many pages are from one-half to two-thirds blank. The idea, however, is not a bad one, and gains a special point from the insistence nowadays that translation should be the test of knowledge rather than an end in itself. Otherwise these lessons are arranged with great care and with evident pedagogical insight.

"Spanish Short Stories" (Heath), edited by E. C. Hills and L. Reinhardt, contains fourteen stories, preceded by a concise but adequate introduction, and followed by notes and a vocabulary. Among the authors represented are Bécquer, Valdés, Alarcón, Pereda, Galdós, Ibáñez, and Emilia Pardo Bazán. The stories are well-chosen and interesting, and the editing is well done.

Miss Minnetta Taylor, a noted linguist, fifty-one years old, died at her home in Greencastle, Ind., yesterday, from injuries received in a fall a short time ago. She is said to have spoken forty-five languages, and was the joint author with Señor Biragua of New York of six Spanish-English textbooks.

Isaac B. Morris, a retired lawyer, died on Thursday in Brooklyn. He was born in Chester County, Pa., and was graduated at Miami University in the class with Horace Mann. He was a writer on many subjects pertaining to his profession and also on sociological and political questions, and was the author of "The Battle of the Standards," a work on bimetallism.

Robert Dewey Benedict died on Saturday at his home in Burlington, Vt., in his eighty-third year. He was once a prominent member of the American Bar Association, specializing in admiralty. He was born in Burlington, and soon after his graduation from the University of Vermont in 1848 he came to New York. He was the author of "Reports of Cases Argued and Determined in the District Courts of the United States within the Second Circuit" (ten volumes), and also of many published addresses, and he edited "Benedict's Admiralty."

Edward Morse Shepard died last Friday night at his country home, Erlowest, at Lake George, after an illness of several weeks. He was born in New York on July 23, 1850. His father, Lorenzo B. Shepard, who died when he was six years old, was a conspicuous Democrat in the city when Democracy signified principle, patriotism, and civic spirit. He was an orator of power and of charm, a man of much learning and of marked qualities of mind. The boy was fortunate in the friendships that his parentage secured to him. Abram S. Hewitt became his guardian, as he had been the friend of the boy's father. This function coincided with the removal of the family to Brooklyn, and young Shepard was put in Public School 13, in Degraw Street. From here he went for a year to Oberlin College, absorbing some of the atmosphere which the great educator, Horace Mann, had there created. He then entered the College of the City of New York, from which he received the degree of A.B. in 1869. He also held the honorary degree of LL.D. from Tulane University, 1903; Washington and Lee, 1904, and Williams, 1907. Mr. Shepard studied law in the office of John E. Parsons, and was admitted to the bar in 1871. In 1876 he formed a partnership with Albert Stickney, an association which continued until 1890, when the firm of Parsons, Shepard & Ogden was organized. In 1902 Mr. Shepard became head of the firm of Shepard, Smith & Harkness. He was appointed civil service commissioner in Brooklyn in 1883, remaining on the board for two years and becoming its chairman from 1888 to 1890. He was State forestry commissioner in 1884-85 and also a member of the judicial commission to fix the value of the plant and franchise of the Long Island Water Supply Company. At about this time, in the early nineties, he was active in the reorganization of the Kings County Democracy, and did the lion's share in getting the disreputable characters, which made it notorious, ousted from that organization. In 1893 he came prominently before the public in the prosecution of John Y. McKane for ballot-box frauds in Gravesend. From that time his political activities extended from the city to the State, and from the State to the nation. Amid the distractions of politics and the tasks of law he found time for study and writing. His published books are only two: "Martin Van Buren" and "Memoirs of Dugdale," but he wrote also many articles for the magazines.

From Paris comes the report of the death of Hippolyte Garnier, the well-known publisher, at the great age of ninety-six. In 1833 he and his brothers started as booksellers in the Palais Royal.

Science

The Frederick A. Stokes Company announces the following science and nature books: "The World's Minerals," by L. J. Spencer; "Through Birdland Byways" and "Wild Nature Wooed and Won," by Oliver G. Pike; "The Wild Beasts of the World," by Frank Finn; "Flowers from Many Gardens," by H. Shaylor; "Roses"; "At My Window," by Ruth Johnstone, and "Joys of the Garden."

Lord Avebury announces a new work to be entitled "On Marriage, Totemism and Religion: An Answer to Critics." Meanwhile Longmans, Green & Co. issue a reprint of the sixth edition (1902) of his "Origin of Civilization and the Primitive Condition of Man," to which Lord Avebury has added a new Preface touching briefly on these disputed questions.

To the third edition of his "Grammar of Science" (Macmillan) Karl Pearson has added a new chapter on our ideas of causation, and has included a chapter on Modern Physical Ideas by Prof. E. Cunningham. These increments have made it necessary to divide the work into two volumes, of which the first has appeared, with the sub-title: "Part I.—Physical." The second part, dealing with living forms, is promised for this year.

For those who retain the old-fashioned romantic interest in the starry heavens Mary Proctor has prepared an attractive little book called "Half-Hours with the Summer Stars" (McClurg). Science, history, legend, and poetry here join amicable

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hands, though there is no improper confusion of one with another.

Volume IV of "Papers from the Tortugas Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution," though containing but three papers, maintains the excellent standard set by its predecessors. Of special interest to the morphologist is S. H. Pratt's discussion of "Monocotyle floridiana, a new monogenetic Trematode." Monocotyle is a genus of peculiar trematode worms, of which but two species have hitherto been known, both parasitic on rays. One of these is reported from Naples, the other from Japan. The third species, from the gills of the eagle-ray at Tortugas, is the subject of Dr. Pratt's study, which adds much of value to Goto's description of the Japanese species. Edwin Linton continues his studies of the helminth fauna of the Dry Tortugas by a consideration of the Trematodes. His paper is illustrated by twenty-eight beautiful plates, giving not only figures of the entire specimens, but of sections showing much anatomical detail. Something of the assiduity with which the work was prosecuted may be gathered from the fact that the collections upon which it is based were made in about three weeks each of the summers of 1906, 1907, and 1908. In all, sixty-four species are described, of which forty-six are new. So unfamiliar are many of these that the author has found it necessary to establish thirty-seven new genera. A key to the genera and species listed adds greatly to the value of the work. An elastic interpretation of the scope of "marine biology" admits to the series T. W. Vanghan's "Contributions to the Geologic History of the Floridian Plateau," but much of the completeness of this interesting paper is due to the facilities afforded by the laboratory, and its consideration of the agency of the coral in the building up of the plateau gives it a zoological interest. For some years it has been known that the land surface of Florida represents only about half the area of the Floridian Plateau. For instance, ten miles south of St. Augustine the total width of the plateau is 405 miles, of which only 135 is land surface. The agencies which originally shaped and subsequently dominated the development of the plateau are discussed at length, and many valuable data are presented regarding the source, quantity, methods of transporting and distribution of the sediments now being deposited, which consist mostly of silica and carbonate of lime. It is a popular belief that the land area of Florida has been built up primarily through the agency of the coral polyp, but from this view Mr. Vaughan, in common with most modern students of the subject, dissents. The more important limestones of the State are oölitic, the corals playing a relatively unimportant rôle.

One of the most interesting botanical regions in our country lies near San Francisco. It has been carefully explored by a good many botanists, both professional and amateur, and its treasures are more or less accessible in numerous treatises. One of the most convenient of these is Prof. W. L. Jepson's "Flora of Western Middle California" (San Francisco: Cunningham, Curtiss & Welch), a second revised edition of which has just appeared. The "key" to the natural families has been constructed in such a manner as to lead even a beginner by easy steps, and the descriptions, both generic and specific, are sufficiently ample. There are no illustrations, but the lack is not altogether serious. One could wish that, for the botanists coming from the East, rather more information had been given about trivial and yet interesting peculiarities, such as fragrance, exceptional methods of dissemination, and the like. The author has wisely adopted the sequence which places at the beginning of the book the families simplest in structure and lowest in the scale, passing thence to the more highly differentiated. He has not attempted to indicate by accents the pronunciation of the technical names of the plants, always a difficult and ungracious task, and one which is, on the whole, of little worth; nor, quite properly, has he contrived common names for the native species, although he has retained the good ones, like "cream-cups," "sand-verbena," "tar-weed," etc. Information concerning local words is given compactly and well. Thus, "Chaparral consists of Manzanita, Pickeringia, Buckbrush, Scruboak, or similar shrubs which form impenetrable and extensive thickets clothing densely the higher slopes and ridges of the Coast Ranges, and the foothills and middle altitudes of the Sierra Nevada." The handy volume of over 500 pages of small octavo contains a geographical index, a sufficient glossary, and a good index of names.

Music and Drama

Richard Strauss: Der Rosenkavalier. A Guide to the Work by Alfred Schattmann. Berlin: Adolph Furstner; New York: G. Schirmer. 50 cents net.

The attitude of managers toward new operas has changed considerably since the time when Richard Wagner gave his music-dramas to the world. In most cases he had to wait years before he could obtain a performance. Richard Strauss, in our day, sends his manuscript, as soon as the ink is dry, to the managers, and in a few months the première is ready. Shortly after the first performance of "Elektra," Hofmannsthal and Strauss put their heads together for another opera, to follow that harrowing musical tragedy. The poet rapidly sketched the scenario of the "Rosenkavalier," submitted it to the composer, and immediately proceeded with its elaboration. The book was written act by act, and as soon as an act was ready—indeed, in some cases, sooner—the manuscript was sent to the composer, who set to work on it. At the end of the full score the words "Garmisch, 26th September, 1910," are written. Four months later the opera had its first performance, in Dresden. The time would have been even shorter had there not been some delay due to a disagreement between the manager and the composer, who at first demanded not only an exceptionally large royalty but an additional guaranty of four annual performances of "Salome" and "Elektra," for a period of ten years, for the right to produce the "Rosenkavalier." At this the management not only of the Dresden Opera, but of the other German institutions, balked, because neither of those operas had held its own long after its sensational launching.

It was predicted when "Elektra" was produced that Strauss himself would be unable to go beyond it in vocal untunefulness and orchestral complexity and cacophony, and that he would therefore next compose a comic opera full of tunes. That was what he did. There is nothing gruesome in "Der Rosenkavalier"; it relates the adventures, mostly comic, of a baron who, shortly before his expected marriage to the daughter of a wealthy merchant, makes love to a young man who happens to be disguised as a chambermaid, and consequently gets into no end of trouble. The place of action is Vienna, in the early years of the reign of Maria Theresa, and Strauss could therefore introduce several Prater waltzes and a minuet in the manner of Mozart.

Apart from this, however, and the inclusion of an Italian tune and an oversentimental passage in Mendelssohn's style, "Der Rosenkavalier" is not so very different from "Salome" and "Elektra." A hundred players are needed for the orchestra, besides a band on the stage, and the score is such a complex woof of leading motives that the composer sanctioned the preparation of a special guide to the music, the English version of which, by Alfred Kalisch, makes a little book of eighty-eight pages. The compiler, Alfred Schattmann, says that the names given to the themes were in most cases decided on in consultation with the composer, wherefore his Guide may be considered official. It would have been well if he had begun with a brief synopsis of the plot, for in the detailed comments on the dialogue and music one who has not read the libretto must here and there lose the connection.

The number of guiding themes in the opera, according to this book, is 118. Wagner has only 90 in his four Nibelung dramas. Some of the names given to Strauss's themes are "Octavian," "The Princess," "Passionate embrace," "Tinkling of bells and menace," "The little black boy," "Polite conversation," "The noble orphans," "Servants of Ochs," "I'm glad I'll be married soon," "My son-in-law," "The Princess as a young girl." Musically, most of them are simple groups of notes, the merest tonal commonplaces, and there is no visible or audible reason why the "Young Princess" theme and the "Black boy" theme should not be exchanged—and so with most of the others. Perhaps the six notes of motive No. 29 do suggest "the coarseness and angularity of Ochs's character"; but such sentences as "Ochs is bleeding freely (72, with triplets and trills in the bassethorn, horn, and bassoon)," and "Now Faninal threatens her

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with the convent 'for all her life' (85 and 55, trills in the horns)," and again, "'Hussy, you; off to the convent!' (55, vehement trills in the horns)," are apt to make a comic impression on readers who are not converts. However, for those who look forward to hearing Strauss's latest opera (which is to be produced in this country in the autumn), this guide will prove of value. The 118 leading themes are printed in the text in their proper places, and appended to the little book is a large sheet on which they are all brought together for convenient memorizing at the piano. Some of the waltz themes are ingratiating.

While the late Felix Mottl was a man of wide sympathies, he had, like Gustav Mahler, two specialties in which he excelled particularly—the operas of Wagner and those of Mozart. The death of these two musicians, following so soon that of Levi and of Zumpke, makes an irreparable breach in the ranks of the great Wagner conductors, all the more as the veteran Hans Richter has virtually retired, although he will wield the bâton once more at Bayreuth this summer. The situation is deplorable in these days when the operatic conductor has come to be regarded as at least equal in importance to the star singers.

Berlin is not the only German city which attracts American and English students of music in shoals. The Leipzig Konservatorium der Musik prints its prospectus in English as well as in German.

The next Strauss novelty is to be an orchestral tone poem entitled "Alpine Symphony." It will depict the climb of a lonely wanderer into regions where there are gullies, waterfalls, and other obstacles to surmount. A thunderstorm also occurs; but finally the summit is reached, and the first movement ends with a song of praise to the glories of the Alps. In the second movement, which is concerned with the descent, the wanderer grows skeptical, and is tormented by religious doubts. In the end, however, faith prevails, and the "Alpine Symphony" concludes with a majestic hymn.

The Hungarian Government has official charge of the Liszt Festival, to be held from October 21 to 25 at Budapest. On the morning of October 21 (Liszt was born on October 22, 1811) his Coronation Mass will be sung in one of the churches. In the evening there will be a performance of his "Legend of Saint Elizabeth" at the Royal Opera. Siegfried Wagner (grandson of Liszt and son of Richard Wagner), Weingartner, and Stephan Kerner have been engaged to conduct the orchestral numbers of the festival concerts, and among the distinguished pianists who will be heard are D'Albert, Friedheim, Lamond, Rosenthal, Sauer, and Stavenhagen. To the many American organizations which intend to give Liszt concerts next October, the programmes of October 22, 23, and 24 will be useful as models, all the pieces and songs on them being gems of the first water. The festival will close on the twenty-fifth with the singing of the oratorio "Christus," which is a combination of choral writing in the sixteenth century Palestrina manner with modern orchestral coloring, such as only the brilliant cosmopolitan genius of Liszt could have made.

Viennese operetta has once more won first place, not only in Germany and Austria, but in England and America. The situation is summed up by Ernest Mayer, director of the International Copyright Bureau in London, who gives the following really remarkable list of Viennese works that are now running or will shortly be produced in the United States and England: In London, "The Duke of Luxembourg" bids fair to continue its run through the whole of next season, when it will also be taken on tour on both sides of the Atlantic. Lehar's "Gipsy Love" is to be staged in New York in November, in London in December. There is to be a brilliant revival of the "Fledermaus" in London, where there will also be English productions of the "Förster-Christel," and Fall's "Schneeglöckchen" and "Brüderlein fein." Earlier works, like "The Merry Widow," "The Dollar Princess," "The Waltz Dream," and "The Divorced Woman," are in the meantime being sung in the English provinces. Other Viennese operettas in preparation are Fall's "The Siren" and Lehar's "The Man with Three Wives," in a version made by Paul Potter.

The Coburn Players performed "Macbeth" last Friday night on the College Green at Columbia University. This marked the climax of a week's successful engagement—an annual event toward which summer students as well as the few theatre-goers left in town have come to look. Mr. and Mrs. Coburn have associated with them this year a well-balanced cast. They have appeared to great advantage in the lighter Shakespearean plays, such as "Much Ado About Nothing" and "As You Like It." It cannot be said that their excursion into tragedy was as effective, although the acting was spirited, and Mr. and Mrs. Coburn themselves put much conscientiousness into their handling of the leading rôles.

October 16 has been set as the date for the first performance in the second season of Russian ballets under the Metropolitan Opera House management. There will be a three days' performance in the Madison Square Garden, which will be turned into a Russian village. In the company will be Mlle. Pavlowa, M. Mordkin, M. Moroseff, and Mlles. Pajitzkara and Bewickowa from the old company, and Mlles. Karsavina, Geltzer, Siedowa, and Kschenskaja from the Metropolitan Opera House. In addition there will be a corps de ballet of twenty-four couples, and the Imperial Russian Court Orchestra, under the direction of W. W. Andreeff, several instrumental soloists, and a quintet of Russian opera singers. Karsavina is the premier ballerina from the Imperial Opera House at St. Petersburg, Geltzer was popular at the London Alhambra this summer, and Kschenskaja is the chief soloist at the Imperial Opera House in Russia, but appears only when the Czar is in the house. She, too, danced in London this summer. Siedowa is one of the younger dancers, and has never been seen in England.

Maurice Hewlett's "Ariadne in Naxos" was performed a fortnight ago at the Little Theatre in London, under the direction of the Poets' Club. The piece forms the second part of "The Agonists; a Trilogy of God and Man." Regarding the production, the London *Times* says:

> The purpose of the whole trilogy is to relate three unsuccessful attempts at union between God and man as illustrated by the rise and fall of the House of Crete, a history more horrible than tragic. The scene of this second part is laid in the Island of Naxos, and is in brief the tale of the passion of the God of Wine for Ariadne. . . . The performance as a whole was undeniably distasteful; the heights of passion are levelled when all is done under the influence of frenzy that might not unreasonably be termed drunkenness. The spell of Dionysus is over mankind and this effect was enhanced by the dances.

Art

VASARI'S CENTENARY.

The Life of Giorgio Vasari: A Study of the Later Renaissance in Italy. By Robert W. Carden. With illustrations. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $4 net.

In view doubtless of the four hundredth anniversary of Vasari's birth, July 30, this well-printed biography has been prepared. It is primarily a character study on a large scale, though sufficiently well-ballasted with facts. Insight, humor, and style make the volume most readable. Possibly the subtitle promises too much, for there is little general consideration of the later Renaissance, and the treatment of the famous "Lives of the Painters" is scant and scrappy. Here Mr. Carden has, probably assumed that the facts are familiar, a hazardous supposition for any biographer. Still, the book gains in literary unity from such exclusions, and the temptation to treat merely the man Vasari was hardly to be resisted. So complete and on the whole so amiable an egotist is rare even in the most self-centred of callings.

Listen to him on the very day of Michelangelo's burial in Santa Croce. Vasari, having duly laid the Titan away, writes to Duke Cosimo and reassures him about the future of the arts. Vasari will look to it personally: "I shall spare no pains to keep these noble arts alive and to advance them by means of my paintings, my writings, and by every other means within my power." The indefatigable little man merely exaggerated somewhat the popular opinion of himself. To be sure, Benvenuto Cellini had snarled in good sonnet form at that fecundity which seemed ordained to fill the world with error—

> Per far nel mondo d'ogni sorta errore,

but popes and grand dukes had taken a different view. Vasari was good company, as many frank egotists are. The dour Buonarroti opened his heart to him, Cosimo in the last black days wanted him at hand, prelates and scholars gladly aided in the "Lives" or in the invention of the great historical frescoes. Messer Giorgio was friendly, and naturally much befriended. To oblige

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the Cardinal del Monte, he took a wife, to solace her while he was absent in the great world of Rome or Florence he addressed to her numerous sonnets expressing his own distress. In best Petrarchan fashion he alternately burns and freezes, but alas! the work that is to immortalize himself and her must continue.

As to this work, most of it seems to-day appallingly bad. All the squirming anatomical insistency of Michelangelo is in it without a whit of Michelangelo's nobility. One may hardly remain long in the frescoed great hall of the Palazzo Vecchio, and one marvels at the taste that could not merely endure but admire these contorted lividities. Vasari had no qualms on the subject, for he printed a series of Dialogues in which to a princely hearer the artist expounded the perfections of these great battle scenes. With customary luck, Cavaliere Giorgio died too soon to hear the abuse that followed the unveiling of his last great work, the frescoes inside Brunellesco's dome. The satirist, Grazzini, better known as il Lasca, opines that the dome thus decorated is become a footbath or a washtub. Vasari is generally hated as a "public thief and assassin," and the Florentine people will never have an end of regret except through the aid of whitewash.

Now, barring the personal abuse, il Lasca's verdict was right enough. Whitewash is emphatically what the inside of the Florentine dome still needs, and, generally speaking, most of the walls decorated by Vasari's brush would better please in honest Tuscan plaster. As a painter, the man was a rank mannerist. Nothing much can be said for him on that score but that he shared with most of his Tuscan contemporaries a fair gift for portraiture. His bewildering success as a decorator merely indicates the fallen condition of the art of painting in Rome and Florence of his time. Mr. Carden gives over the painting and claims rank for his hero only on the ground of his work in architecture. And, indeed, the man who built the Uffizi Palace, and that of the Knights of St. Stephen at Pisa, deserves something more than a footnote in the history of art. Yet even the painting commands, if not approval, a certain admiration for its sheer athleticism. There never was so ready and competent a man.

For the world at large Vasari survives merely as the author of the "Lives," and here the world judges aright. One evening at Cardinal Farnese's in Rome, Vasari was present with many humanists. The talk drifted to a project of Paolo Giovio's to celebrate the artists from antiquity to the present day. Vasari noted that Paolo spoke well, but, after the fashion of the literary critic, very much in general and with frequent inaccuracies. As the group discussed the plan approvingly, the Cardinal turned to Vasari, who also approved, "provided that Giovio were assisted by a painter or some one who could put the facts into their proper order and explain the technicalities to him." The Cardinal readily divined that Messer Giorgio could name the painter. As a matter of fact, Vasari had been collecting old drawings from his boyhood, had visited Northern Italy in 1541, meeting the artists and taking notes, and presumably had already nourished the plan which he actually accomplished at the Cardinal's suggestion. It was like Vasari to wait for precisely the most picturesque moment at which to commence author. According to his own account, this evening with Giovio, Caro, Molza, and others of the Cardinal's set fell in 1546. The researches of Scoti-Bertinelli make it almost certain that Vasari misremembered by two or three years, and that the memorable conference must be set in the year 1543. About this range of doubt attaches to all dates cited by the author of the "Lives." In 1550 the first edition in two volumes appeared in the types of Torrentino and was promptly exhausted. In 1568 the revised and enlarged edition in three volumes appeared with the Giunta imprint. Almost immediately, for the author's airs had doubtless made him enemies, the charge was made that Vasari had favored Tuscan, and especially Florentine, artists and had filled his pages with legends and errors. To tax Vasari with gross inaccuracy has ever since been fashionable.

Genially interpreted, neither the charge of "campanilism" nor that of carelessness is true. Vasari was a singularly openminded chronicler. Born in Arezzo, a border town between Tuscany and Umbria, working much at Rome, varying his life at court with long retreats at Camaldoli, Vasari was capable of detached views. In spite of his prolonged and devoted service to the Medici, he was not a Florentine. Of his native Arezzo he became a Gonfaloniere; there he adorned the chapel of his family and there he was buried. The worst that can be charged against the "Lives" is that there is some harmless puffery of early Aretine painters. Vasari could not make bricks without straw. At Florence only he commanded a considerable amount of manuscript and traditional material; at Rome he knew the great personages of Raphael's following and Michelangelo's. His knowledge of Lombard and Venetian painting was perforce gained from two short trips. The embittered relations between Florence and Siena hardly admitted of research in the City of the Virgin. It is true enough that Vasari's account of Sienese painting is defective, yet it is also true that he praised generously the greatest Sienese artists—Duccio, Simone Memmi, Ambruogio Lorenzetti—gave full recognition to his own older Sienese contemporary, Baldassare Peruzzi, and loyally set down whatever was accessibly recorded about the neighboring school. Naturally, Vasari was limited by his opportunities; but his curiosity was universal, his temper remarkably catholic. In the days of express trains, photographs, museums, and centralized archives it is easy to make game of his achievement, but to mock him shows as great an absence of historic sense as of modesty. The charge of provincialism recoils from him upon his critics.

On the score of accuracy, Vasari cannot be held blameless, yet here to understand is to pardon. He had an unhappy habit of giving his approximations in exact figures. Instead of saying an artist died about seventy years old, he would say "in his sixty-eighth year." Sometimes such a statement is based on written authority, more often it represents a verbal tradition; occasionally, one must fear, it represents nothing but Vasari's surmise. This means simply that Vasari must not be taken arithmetically, and that is no shame to him. In his time nobody could have written a chronologically exact history of art. Even in our time it has taken two generations of scholarship partially to set Vasari's dates right. The moral is plainly, don't use him for dates, but for facts of another order. In all these matters we shall be able to judge more fairly when the "Lives" are cleared of the present litter of superfluous and polemical annotation and printed in a way to show the relations of the first and second editions, and of both to the literary sources. In its day, the translation with Dr. Richter's notes in the Bohn Library was excellent. The recent German translation rearranged under the categories of the arts is a model for economy and accuracy of annotation. We are soon to have a critical edition edited by Karl Frey, and the Florentine publishers of the Milanesi, which, however behind the times, is still the standard, have long promised a thoroughly revised reissue. The convenience of Blashfield and Hopkins's selection would justify a corrected edition on the basis of the new and forthcoming material. About the scholarly shortcomings of Vasari nothing new and important is likely to be learnt. His substantial merit will appear more clearly when we have conveniently set together his exact text and its sources.

That Vasari was a deliberate myth-maker is a more serious accusation. It has even been said that without verification nothing should be accepted from the "Lives." Now, Vasari was an uncritical compiler, but we do not think a single instance of mystification could be cited from the three volumes. More

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frequently than is imagined, Vasari drew from written sources which were themselves inaccurate. Toward tradition of whatever value, so it were interesting, he bent a credulous ear. But what a service it was to collect even indiscriminately the artistic tradition of the sixteenth century, to make three generations of artists stand before us as breathing men! How grossly the inaccuracy of Vasari's tradition has been exaggerated, let a single instance attest. When Crowe and Cavalcaselle wrote the life of Fra Filippo Lippi they denied as legendary the seduction of the nun Lucrezia Buti and the paternity of Filippino Lippi. Vasari's culpable weakness for a good story was noted. The improbability of the scandal in itself was emphasized, its incompatibility with the beautiful spirit evinced in the Fra's paintings. *A fortiori*, the yarn that Fra Filippo had been captured by the Barbary pirates was smiled out of court. Well, the documents have since proved that as regards Lucrezia and Filippino Vasari merely told truly what was matter of common knowledge at his time. What is truly fantastic in the case is the skepticism of Crowe and Cavalcaselle and their egregious attempt to whitewash the errant friar. So much for one of Vasari's "legends." It would not be surprising if evidence of the Fra's Barbary captivity should some day turn up. Nothing contradicts the story, and Leonardo da Vinci, who could have had it from Filippino, was telling it before the year 1500. To attack Vasari gratuitously is dangerous, as we have shown above, and here we may imagine how those who are now assailing the Life of Cimabue would treat the story of the boy Giotto drawing the sheep by the roadside if Vasari were our only warrant for it. What an instance of Vasari's "novelistic" tendency this pretty legend would be if only it did not occur a century earlier in the "Commentaries" of Lorenzo Ghiberti.

And Vasari had inklings of the modern method. His sources were not to be taken wholly on faith, but were to be controlled by inspection of the works of art. "For long experience teaches careful painters to know the various manners of the artists not otherwise than a learned and experienced scribe knows the handwriting of his peers, and any man the characters of his closest friends and kin." Here is implicitly the Morellian programme. The second edition of the "Lives" shows constantly the advantages of growing knowledge and taste. On the side of taste, indeed, barring a very few of his contemporary judgments, Vasari was almost impeccable. Equally accessible to him were the Roman severity of a Mantegna, the idyllic charm of a Giorgione, the fantastic excellence of a Piero di Cosimo. Unlike Michelangelo, Messer Giorgio could do justice to the mannered beauty of Perugino. In fine, the just proportion of appreciation was set once for all by Vasari. What he lauds seems still admirable, where he is silent we generally have to do with secondary or merely recondite merit. It is doubtful if any of the many painter critics who have succeeded him have equalled him in true catholicity.

More important yet to an open-hearted reader is Vasari's vivid sense of personality, precisely that picturesqueness for which he is reprehended. He wrote at a time when old men still remembered Pollaiuolo, Ghirlandaio, Botticelli, and treasured the words of those who had seen Ghiberti, Ucello, Fra Angelico. Vasari caught the impress of these artists just as it was fading irrevocably. To him we owe such vivifying traits as Ucello muttering "O, fair Perspective!" Ghirlandaio yearning to fresco the walls of Florence, distraught Piero di Cosimo with his eggs boiled ahead for undisturbed days of fantasy, Masaccio oblivious of praise and pay, Angelico praying his way toward a new masterpiece. And if whatever of life and color has been transmitted from the *botteghe* of the fifteenth century to ourselves is largely due to Vasari, we owe him an even greater debt for his portraiture of such princes of art as Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Michelangelo. Their achievements we might gather from other sources, though a life of Leonardo without Vasari's aid is almost unthinkable, but the impression they left, their pride and gentleness, their passion and restraint, their asperities and their charm, live in Vasari's pages as nowhere else. Quite incidentally, while writing a series of artist biographies, he has given us the picture of an age. Next to the incomparable Boccaccio, he is the most important source for the history of Italian culture, and possibly through his very limitations he got nearer the soul of Italy, whereas Boccaccio tends outward toward mankind.

Whether Vasari was a great man or not, his latest biographer declines to answer, but Mr. Carden's silence and the general tone of his book suggests that we must not take Messer Giorgio too seriously. The issue is possibly an unprofitable one, closely allied as it is to the still open question, How shall we take Boswell? It matters less, clearly, how we take these memorable ridiculous persons than that we do take them. To rule out Boswell for his foibles, or Vasari for equal weaknesses—or, more concretely, for bungling the lives of Masolino, Masaccio, Castagno—this merely proves lack of imagination and consequent bad literary breeding. Is not our proper attitude in either case profound gratitude without waiver of the right to smile? Vasari writes from busy days at Rome to Don Vincenzo Borghini, "Poor old Salviati has only had the pleasure of seeing me twice." The sentiment and the form of the phrase are eminently Vasarian. The reader may test his own quality by inquiring whether he has merely laughed at Vasari or whether he has also envied Salviati the high pleasure so narrowly measured out.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company has the following art books on its list: "The Painters of Japan," by Arthur Morrison; "Corot," "Delacroix," "Boucher," "Fra Lippo Lippi," "Montagna," "Perugino," "Van Eyck" (Masterpieces in Color), by T. Leman Hare; "The Old Clock Book," by N. Hudson Moore; "Chats on Farmhouse and Cottage Furniture," by Arthur Hayden; "Chats on Postage Stamps"; "Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art," by Ernest F. Fenollosa; "Ceilings and Their Decoration," by Guy G. Rotheray; "Liber Studiorum," by J. M. W. Turner; "Fireplaces, Inglenooks, and Mantel Shelves," by Guy G. Rotheray; and "Albert Dürer," "J. R. Smith," "Watteau and Boucher," "Goya," "Van Dyck," "Montagna" (Great Engravers), by A. M. Hind.

Edwin Austin Abbey, who died in London on Tuesday, was born in Philadelphia April 1, 1852, and received his first instruction at the Academy of Fine Arts in that city. His first recognition came through his work as a pen draughtsman, but he also made many drawings with the brush. Some of the best of his most recent works consisted of tone drawings. The pictures depicting scenes from "The Tempest," both those in tone and the pen drawings, are commonly regarded as the best Abbey produced. It was to get pictures for the illustration of a volume of Herrick's poems for Harpers that Abbey made his first trip abroad in 1878. His associates in the art department of Harpers were John W. Alexander, Howard Pyle, and Joseph Pennell. With this search for local color Abbey became so fascinated that as soon as his contract with the American publishers expired he returned to England to stay. Soon afterward he received his commission from the Boston Public Library for the mural decoration of the delivery room, and his fulfilling of that contract with the Quest of the Holy Grail made him famous and popular in his own country. His compensation for that work was $15,000. The expenses of the undertaking probably exceeded that, but, as his friends put it, "his idea was not to make money; he accepted the commission for the love of the work, to set the ball a-rolling." Ten years ago Abbey received the royal commission to paint the picture of King Edward's coronation. The same honor was offered to him a year ago, when the preparations were being made for the crowning of George V, but he declined because of his unpleasant recollections of the previous coronation work. King Edward and Queen Alexandra had been considerate and reasonable; but with people of less exalted station he had had to suffer in the most exasperating fashion from their unpunctuality and from their well-nigh incredible vanity. Abbey's Edward VII coronation picture was received with much praise in the art world. The canvas is fifteen feet in length by nine in height, and the predominant colors are crimson, gold, and blue. The scene is at the crossing of

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the transepts of Westminster Abbey, looking toward the south transept—a scene considerably altered from its usual aspect by the temporary removal of a tomb and the introduction of galleries or boxes, as they were called, between the great columns. Abbey's other great mural work, besides that for the Boston Library, was done for the dome of the Pennsylvania State Capitol. Penn's Treaty with the Indians, and Camp of the American Army at Valley Forge, the two large canvases for this place, were finished only a short time before his death. Of the character of his work as an artist we shall have more to say next week. He had received many degrees and honors, and was Member of the National Academy of Design, Chevalier of the Légion d'Honneur, Corresponding Member of the Institut de France, and president of the Artists' Cricket Club.

Finance

ENCOURAGING SIGNS.

Before the recent sale of Panama Canal bonds, the New York Clearing House banks had a gratifyingly large surplus reserve, on the strength of which there were many encouraging predictions with reference to our autumn financial situation. To-day, their reserve instead of being noticeably large for this season of the year is about on a level with the average of the years preceding 1907, when, in the opinion of many, there was too much inclination to sail close to the wind. The very marked decline in the reserve in consequence of the Panama Canal bond sale has focused a good many minds on a fact which, in the past, has been quite generally ignored, namely, that public expenditure has had a great deal to do with creating the situation of the last few years, and is having a great deal to do with retarding our recovery from that situation.

At the time the Panama Canal bonds were sold, it was generally assumed that the proceeds would speedily find their way back to the banks. Though it was understood that these particular bonds could not be used as a basis for bank-note circulation, their legality as a basis for deposits was plainly declared. It was, therefore, taken for granted that what the New York banks lost as private deposits they would get back in the form of government deposits. That hope has not been realized, nor is there any reason to believe that it is going to be. The money has gone into the Treasury's vaults, and there is the strongest ground for asserting that the Secretary of the Treasury intends that it shall stay there, except as it is paid out over Uncle Sam's counter in the ordinary course of business. The banks have by this time, no doubt, abandoned their expectation of regaining it for use during the crop-moving period.

Presumably, the Secretary of the Treasury chose the midsummer of 1911 to float the Panama Canal issue, because he thought he could do the best thing for himself with the least amount of harm to the money market. What he actually did was to steal a march on the industrial world by eliminating this great block of money market money, to use Bagehot's phrase. Considerably more than $50,000,000 that might otherwise have been loaned to merchants and manufacturers, to say nothing of Wall Street, has been locked up for the purpose of being paid out in comparatively small sums to countless persons in a great many different localities. Doubtless, if the financial situation should change radically for the worse, the Secretary of the Treasury would feel obliged to undo his work to the extent of depositing this money in the banks.

But short of some such necessity as that he is not likely to act. The need of such action later on is not exciting thought at this time. Nevertheless, while the absence of the money absorbed by the Panama Canal bonds may not, and probably does not, imply any new hardship to general industry, it is quite conceivable that it may play no inconsiderable part in delaying the return of general industry to its old-time activity. That it will have some effect in retarding the bond market is likely. It is no secret that the bond houses have expected that by this time there would be a slowing down in the movement of bonds, owing not only to the Government's withdrawal of more than $50,000,000, but also to the larger volume of discounts and purchases of commercial paper by the banks.

Heretofore the country has not given very much thought to the financial aspect of the Panama Canal. Here was a great public work that would benefit the whole world, and we, the builders, were an enormously wealthy nation. At last, however, we seem to have reached a point where the floating of bonds for only a small fraction of the cost has appreciably hampered the money market. In other words, this country is now having an object lesson in public expenditure, and is coming to see that the money which it is spending without stint is just so much capital withdrawn from the channels where the 90,000,000 Americans look for their bread and butter. A decade at least of extravagance in public expenditure, a large part of it far less justifiable than this particular item, has contributed as much as anything to the adverse condition existing in America and Europe in the last four years; and yet no very serious effort has been made to check the policy.

With our far from affluent bank reserves, what may we expect for business and speculation in the autumn of 1911? This is a natural question, but at best a futile one. In none of the many aspects of the situation have conditions yet declared themselves with sufficient clearness to admit of predictions. As regards money, for example, it is possible to obtain a fair idea of the state of our bank reserves on this side of the Atlantic, but it is not wholly plain just what our credit balance abroad is. Outwardly, it is large, and it is hard to avoid the conviction that when all that we owe Europe for interest, freights, etc., is deducted, we shall still be in a position to draw gold in liberal amount from the other side. At the moment, money is in abundant supply in Europe. On the other hand, if foreign crops are as deficient as some have led us to suppose, Europe, while drawing on us more freely for sustenance, may, perhaps, find herself unable to purchase our manufactures on as large a scale as heretofore. But such discussion is hardly profitable at this stage: it is necessarily characterized by too many "ifs" and "buts."

Still, while it is not easy to read the immediate future, there is strong ground for the conviction that basic conditions are improving, the change for the better being especially noticeable in the last week or two. There has been a manifest absurdity in the various attempts of the past few years to create a new industrial boom, with its attendant stock market effusiveness, on top of the inflated structure built up in the years prior to 1907. The most encouraging feature to-day is that more real progress has been made in the last few weeks toward a rational basis for a new prosperity than has been witnessed during the same length of time since the panic of four years ago. Inside of a week cotton has broken 11 cents. Where it will stop on its downward course, no one knows; but until there is a pretty general belief that it has struck bottom there is not likely to be an increase of activity in cotton manufacturing. Meanwhile, cotton goods have continued to sag in price on small sales, and some of the mills have found it advisable to pass their dividends. Tariff and other uncertainties have retarded the sale of wool textiles, but it is a significant fact that manufacturers seem disposed to abandon the thought of a profit, and even to accept a loss, in the hope of keeping their machinery measurably employed. Reports are conflicting with reference to steel, but here too it looks as if manufacturers were increasingly bent on enlarging their business by hook or crook.

This will bring about a genuine improvement in our economic situation quicker than anything else. It is doubtful if any one looks for a pronounced revival during the rest of 1911; first, because it may take longer than that for the cost of production wholly to adjust itself to new conditions; and, secondly, because in the crop-moving period the cash may not be forthcoming

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for largely increased activity in general industry. Still, so far as the aims and methods of private industry are concerned, it looks as if a real tendency in the right direction had at last been created. It could be wished that the same could be said of the aims and methods of nation, State, and municipality. General business is suffering too much at the hand of the tax-gatherer.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, F. R. In Sonnet Wise. Boston: Badger.
American Church Silver of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. Exhibited at the Museum of Fine Arts, July-December, 1911. Boston: The Museum.
Annuaire de L'Union Interparlementaire. Première Année, 1911. Brussels: Misch & Thron.
Bandello, M. Le Novelle. Volume Quarto. Bari: Gius. Laterza & Figli.
Bennett, A. Literary Taste and How to Form It; What the Public Wants: a Play in Four Acts. Doran. 75 cents; $1.
Brown, C. Dionis of the White Veil. Boston: Page. $1.50.
Brummer, S. D. Political History of New York State During the Period of the Civil War. (Columbia Univ. Studies, vol. xxxix.) Longmans.
Brunetière, F. Etudes sur le xviiie Siècle. Paris: Hachette.
Clifford, H. The Downfall of the Gods. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Constable, F. C. Personality and Telepathy. London: Kegan, Paul, Trench, Trübner.
Coughlin, J. J. Osirus, and Other Poems. Boston: Badger.
Dickens Centenary Edition. Our Mutual Friend. 2 vols. Scribner.
Dudley, C. H. St. Paul's Friendships and His Friends. Boston: Badger.
Fromentin Une Année Dans le Sahel. Edited by L. Morel. Frowde.
Futrelle, M. Secretary of Frivolous Affairs. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
Gioberti, V. Del Rinnovamento Civile D'Italia. Volume Secondo. Bari: Gius. Laterza & Figli.
Harrington, G. W. A Reversion of Form and Other Horse Stories. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.20 net.
Historical Geography of the British Colonies. Vol. V, Part iii; Canada; Part iv. Newfoundland. Frowde.
Huntly, H. The Way of the Gods in Japan. Boston: Badger. $1.50.
Idarius, P. The Standard American Drawing and Lettering Book. Chicago: Laird & Lee. $1.75.
Illinois Historical Collections. Vol. vi, Newspapers and Periodicals of Illinois, 1814-1879, by F. W. Scott. Revised and enlarged. Springfield: Ill. State Historical Library.
Larden, W. Argentine Plains and Andine Glaciers. Scribner.
Liszt, F. Frédéric Chopin. Translated from the French. Boston: Ditson.
Lloyd, F. E. Guayule: A Rubber Plant of the Chihuahuan Desert. Carnegie Institution of Washington.
Mawson, T. H. Civic Art: Studies in Town Planning, Parks, Boulevards, and Open Spaces. Scribner. $20 net.
Myers, G. W., and others. Teacher's Manual for First-Year Mathematics; First-Year Mathematics for Secondary Schools; Second-Year Mathematics for Secondary Schools. University of Chicago Press. 80 cents; $1; $1.50 net.
Osborne, T. B., and Mendel, L. B. Feeding Experiments with Isolated Food—Substances. Carnegie Institution of Washington.
Porter, G. H. Ohio Politics During the Civil War Period. (Columbia Univ. Studies, vol. xl.) Longmans.
Report of the Forest, Fish and Game Commissioner of the State of New York for 1907-1908-1909. Albany, N. Y.
Rickett, E. Twenty Nursery Rhymes Set to New Tunes. Boston: Ditson. $1.
Rogers, W. S. Garden Planning. Doubleday, Page. $1.10 net.
Ross, E. H. The Reduction of Domestic Mosquitoes. Philadelphia: Blakiston's Son. $1.75 net.
St. John, E. P. Child Nature and Child Nurture: A Text-book for Parents' Classes. Boston: Pilgrim Press.
Sheehan, C. The Queen's Fillet. Longmans.
Snell, F. J. The Customs of Old England. Scribner.
Strahorn, C. A. Fifteen Thousand Miles by Stage: A Woman's Unique Experience. Putnam.
Umbstaetter, H. D. The Red-Hot Dollar, and Other Stories from the Black Cat. Boston: Page. $1.
Vico, G. B. La Scienza Nuova. Parte Prima. Barl: Giu. Laterra & Figli.
Warren, A. T. Experimental and Theoretical Course of Geometry. Fourth edition, revised. Frowde.
White, W. A. Harmonic Part-Writing. Boston: Silver, Burdett.

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